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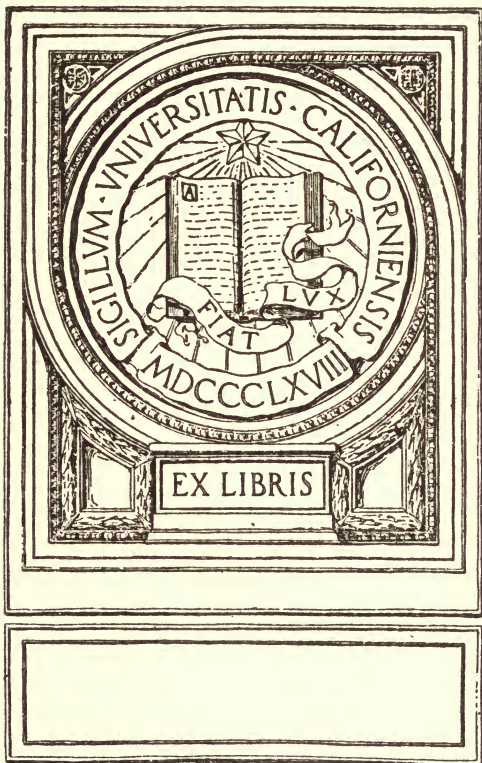


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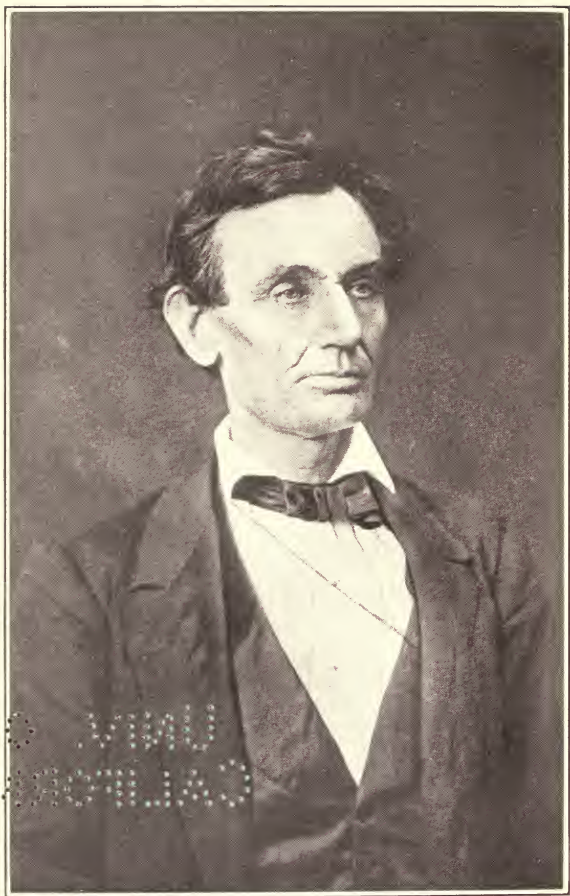
Flashlights
of
Abraham Lincoln



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SPRUNG FROM THE WEST

The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies filled his soul.
Up from the log cabin to the capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen axe to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
And ever more he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king;
He built the rail-piles as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke
To make his deed the measure of a man.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

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of
Abraham Lincoln

By

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Flashlights of Abraham Lincoln

ONE day in the year 1855, there stood at the entrance to the Burnett House in Cincinnati, that old hostelry which was lately burned (1920), a long, lean, gaunt, sad-eyed man of about forty-five.

His clothes were ill fitting and he wore heavy boots.

He was in that city as one of the counsel for the defendants in a case of patent infringements upon reaping machines.

As this rather inelegant looking man, with all his native picturesqueness stood there, other counsel also employed in the defense came near; they looked the Hoosier over, passed him by without speaking, as unworthy of notice, and walked into the hotel. It would never do to have a man *like that* associated with *them* on this important case.

What man was this, who, unresentful of his treatment, stayed through the trial of this case, and silently watched its progress? It was said afterward that the judge was as much influenced by his unspoken, but expressive sympathy and the play of his features, while he paced back and forth during the progress of the case, as by the argument of the other counsel, who ignored him.

And who was this man? It was the same man who the following year, standing on the edge of the platform at Bloomington, Ill., held his audience spell-bound, as, leaning forward on his toes, hands on his hips, his eyes flashing, his whole face illumined with the divine fire of truth, proclaimed the fact that SLAVERY WAS WRONG, and to his audience, pressing forward, pale and breathless, to catch his every word, he seemed like a giant in-

spired as he shouted, "WE WON'T GO OUT OF THE UNION AND YOU SHAN'T!" And then, as though to pour oil upon the troubled waters, he suggested ballots instead of bullets.

"At that moment," said Judge Scott, one of his hearers, "he was the handsomest man I ever saw."

And still five years later, in 1860, when the committee from the great Chicago Convention, among whom were William M. Evarts and Carl Schurz, called at his unpretentious home in Springfield, Ill., to notify him of his nomination to the Presidency of the United States, they eyed their candidate with many misgivings—"his great height, his huge hands and feet, his lankness, his shoulders drooping as though he were irresolute. His smooth-shaven face seemed like bronze; cheeks sunken, cheek bones high, nose large, the underlip protruding a little, eyes cast down.

But when he lifted his head to reply, the men were thrilled by the change. He became erect, the eyes beamed with fire and intelligence. Strong, dignified, he seemed transformed.

'Why, sir, they told me he was a rough diamond,' said one. 'Nothing could have been in better taste than his speech.'

'We might have done a more daring thing, but we could not have done a better thing,' they said afterward."

LET us throw a flashlight backward over this man's pathway.

We see him twenty-nine years before this, entering New Salem, Ill., just twenty-one, and penniless, begging for work, which he readily found. He had not even good clothes, but he had great strength and he was a good fellow. He was six feet, four inches tall. He could outrun any young man in the country 'round, and lift as much as three ordinary men.

Then his wit, his stories, his good and kindly nature, which had always won him friends, made friends at once for him now. This was in 1831. The next year, he was a candidate for the State Legislature. He was defeated, but won 227 out of 300 votes in his own district. In two years he was again a candidate, and this time, elected.

The people looked upon him as a prodigy. Why? Was it his strength, his great height, his wit, his stories? These all helped, but there was something back of all these. There was the power of CHARACTER and of KNOWLEDGE. And whence came at this early age this power? During these twenty-one years, what had he read—what had he learned?

Many a college bred man might well look with envy upon this ragged youth as he walked into New Salem to make his own way.

The books he had conned were The Life of Washington, Aesop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress, the lives of Benjamin Franklin and Henry Clay, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, which he knew by heart. And last, but by no means least, the Bible.

J. G. Holland has well said, "ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S POVERTY OF BOOKS WAS THE WEALTH OF HIS LIFE.

The few he had, did much to perfect the teaching which his mother had begun, and to form a character, which for quaint simplicity, earnestness, truthfulness and purity has never been surpassed among the historic personages of the world.

Lincoln's lack of books threw him upon his own resources."

"By books may Learning sometimes befall,
But Wisdom never by books at all."

A testimonial to this early influence was given by Lincoln himself, when in a speech at Trenton, N. J.,

on his way to assume his duties as President, he said, "Away back in my childhood, I got hold of a small book called Weem's Life of Washington. I remember all the accounts there given of the battle-fields and struggles for the liberties of this country, and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton. The crossing of the river, the contest with the Hessians, the great hardships endured at that time, all fixed themselves in my memory more than any Revolutionary event. I recall thinking then, boy though I was, that *there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for*. I am exceedingly anxious that that thing which they struggled for, that something even more than National independence, that something that held out a *great promise to all the people of the world for all time to come*; I am exceedingly anxious that *this Union, the Constitution and the liberties of the people*, shall be perpetuated in accordance with the *original idea for which that struggle was made*."

TURN for a moment to this central thought, this principle, which is the life and strength of our nation. This was the great "motif" of Abraham Lincoln's life. It is what he lived for; worked for, died for. "A chain is as strong as its weakest link," and Abraham Lincoln cemented this "weakest link," and made a chain so strong that the "Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it."

Let us review in a very simple and superficial way, this chain of government.

So imbued, at the start, was each link with its own importance, that it took years, yes, one hundred, to strengthen the hold each link had upon the other, and make a strong, enduring whole.

The year 1789, when Washington became President, was the year that the terrible French Revolu-

tion broke loose. The French thought we ought to help them, but the French Revolution was too awful, and we were too weak. We were not yet standing firmly on our own feet, and we were still having trouble with England over boundary lines and over our rights on the sea. There were two parties—those supporting the Constitution, called Federalists, and those opposed to it, called Anti-Federalists. The Federalists, under Alexander Hamilton, were for a strong Federal Government. The Anti-Federalists, led by Jefferson, wanted the States to have the strongest power. This party was called at first Republicans, then Democrats, after the French Democrats and because they favored helping the French Revolution. Then they were known as Democratic Republicans. Finally, in Andrew Jackson's administration, they were called Democrats, and the name has remained with them until now, although one of the questions for which they stood—States Rights—has been forever settled.

But at this early time, while we had a very weak central government, we were having trouble with France as well as England. The French seized a thousand of our vessels. The French demanded of us a large sum of money.

Then went up the rallying cry, "*Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute!*"

These troubles strengthened the Federal Government. Then came the *Alien and Sedition laws*, which gave the President power to send out of the country any foreigner he thought dangerous to its welfare. This aroused the Anti-Federalists, and Kentucky even declared the right of any State to nullify or put at defiance any law which, in its judgment, was unconstitutional.

Then, as ever, there was a man for the occasion. John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, exerted the greatest influence toward making the

General Government superior to the States. Senator Beverage truly said of him, "*He found the constitution paper, and made it a power; he found it a skeleton and clothed it with flesh and blood.*"

Shortly after this, in 1803, while Jefferson was President, we bought from France that great and at the time little known territory, called Louisiana. Napoleon was in dire need of money, and sold it to us for \$15,000,000. By doing this, Jefferson, who believed in States Rights, was taking the greatest liberty with the Constitution, and went exactly opposite to the belief of his own party. It was nevertheless the greatest act of his life, and of untold benefit to the United States.

Then in 1804-1806, came the Lewis and Clarke expeditions, exploring the country to the Pacific Coast. In 1807, Robert Fulton sailed his steamboat up the Hudson River, and things began to move faster. In 1812 came the second war of Independence. At this time, James Madison, a strong Federalist, was in the Presidential chair.

IN the midst of these doings, in the year 1809, on February 12th, in a log cabin in Kentucky, the hero of our sketch came into this world. It was the year in which Gladstone was born, and which gave Darwin and Tennyson to the world.

When this second war for independence started, Lincoln was three years old, and when it closed he was six. And thus he grew 'midst these stirring events.

The United States had as much reason to go to war with France at this time as with England, but we could not declare war against both. Then there was Canada at the north of us, and we might be able to lay hold of that! *So it was war with England we had.*

The New England Federalists were opposed to this war as it progressed. This party comprised the wealthy commercial men, and it tied up their trade. New England at first sent more than her quota of men and money, but as business distress grew and the management of the war was bad, their opposition became so bitter, that they—even they—who stood strong for a central government—were the very ones to meet in private conclave, at Hartford, Conn., and recommend that taxes collected for the National Government, be reserved for their own defense.

The cry of "Treason!" rang out from the nation, and the Federalist party was killed.

This war ended the day before Christmas, 1814, and placed our country in a position where it commanded the respect of all Europe. But it did more. During and after this war, manufactories sprang up throughout the New England and Middle States, thereby rendering us, to a great extent, independent of foreign markets. This necessitated a strong protective tariff.

These facts are briefly recalled to show how and why the Union was being gradually cemented into one strong governing power, and small state interests were being merged into the greatest good for the greatest number. Yet the idea of States rights as being stronger than Federal union was by no means dead.

The north was now a great manufacturing center, while the south exported her raw materials, and wished to receive in return the manufactured articles at lowest cost. The high tariff which was a protection to the north, therefore, worked, as it seemed, a detriment to the south. Thus we see that aside from the slavery question, there were other interests which held the south to the belief in "States Rights." The north reasoned that the whole country would be

benefitted by a high protective tariff. It would be a revenue for the government. It would benefit the worker by raising wages. It would give the producer a home market, and it would make the country independent of foreign countries.

Daniel Webster at this time came out strongly for the Federal Government, with these ringing words: "*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and Inseparable.*"

Finally, when Andrew Jackson was elected (1829), the South Carolina people, knowing that he was opposed to a high protective tariff, invited him to a banquet, and asked him to propose his own toast. To their chagrin, he proposed:

"*Our Federal Union! It must be preserved!*"

He afterward reiterated this in a way to make South Carolina tremble, when he shouted, "*Our Federal Union must and shall be preserved!*" and sent General Scott to collect the tariff in South Carolina ports.

BUT before this, there had grown to be a natural dividing line between freedom and slavery. The Ohio River was that line, and running eastward it was called the Mason and Dixon's Line. To pass north of that line meant freedom to the slave, if he could keep from being caught.

In 1820, Missouri, a part of the Louisiana Purchase, applied for admission as a slave state. Missouri lay partly north and partly south of this dividing line. The North contended that as the Federal Government had owned Missouri when a territory, it alone had the right to say whether it should come in free or slave. The South argued that each state had the right to decide that for itself.

Then Henry Clay, "The Great Peace-Maker," put through *the Missouri Compromise, which ad-*

mitted it as a slave state, but declared all other territory that remained, which was north of the southern boundary of Missouri, should forever be free. *This the South accepted.* Maine at this time was admitted as a free state, making twelve slave and twelve free states, and it was thought the slavery question was finally settled.

About this time, Abraham Lincoln came into his majority. He was then and always, a Henry Clay man. Clay was interested in the colonization of the free negroes and of gradual emancipation, and this appealed to Lincoln. He had in several trips to New Orleans, carrying produce and managing a flat-boat down the Mississippi River, from the time he was seventeen until he was twenty-two, seen the horrors of slavery, as it was exhibited in the slave market there, and it aroused his whole soul. From that time, he had a sort of mystic feeling that he should play some important part in the deliverance of the slaves.

Lincoln said his education was defective, but here and now he was learning the most valuable lessons of his life. How true it is that "Your own will come to you." Was it just a "happen so" that in his young boyhood the Constitution of the United States fell into his hands and that he learned it by heart? Between his first attempt and defeat for the legislature, and his second attempt and success, he was a store-keeper and post-master.

It was at this time that he earned the title of Honest Abe. Twice he walked five miles and back, after hours, to correct an error; once to return three cents, and once to make good a pound of tea.

Was it just "mere luck" that at this particular period in his life, he bought an old barrel of an overladen emigrant, traveling westward, who wanted to lighten his load, and that one day, turning the barrel out, he found in it Blackstone's Commen-

taries? He said, "I never was so absorbed in anything in my life."

He lay upon the counter of his store, when customers were far between, oblivious of the world about him, reading these books, while his partner, a man by the name of Berry, was drinking himself into perdition and the store into bankruptcy.

Lincoln learned now, along with the law which so strongly appealed to him, and the grammar by which he corrected his speech, the great object lesson of the brutalizing power of strong drink, and he took his stand then, singly and alone, against the worse than useless, the positively harmful stuff that he saw dragging these early settlers into blighted lives. Afterward, in 1860, when the delegation from Chicago came to notify him of his nomination to the Presidency, his friends told him he should have some wine and treat them right. His reply was: "I have never had it in my house, and I shall not change my habit," and he returned the flasks of wine they sent to him.

Lincoln, like Washington, whom he adored, never swerved from his purpose, once it was fixed.

While he was still young, he always did things differently from other boys, and better—more thoroughly—and he had a wonderful memory. His mother taught him and his sister all the Bible stories, and his story telling habit dates from these early days. The people loved Lincoln always from the time he was a boy. In Gentryville, from which place his father's family moved just when he was twenty-one, his comrades planted a cedar tree in his memory. This tree is still standing, as "the first monument to him whose monuments will never cease to be erected."

Once in Gentryville, he picked up a drunken man who was in danger of freezing, and carried him to warmth and safety.

Lincoln's ready wit always made him equal to any emergency. The Black Hawk war broke out the year he was the first time a candidate for the legislature. He enlisted and was elected captain of a company of volunteers. He was marching across a field with a front of over twenty men, when he had to pass through a gateway to the next enclosure. He said, "I could not, for the life of me, think of the proper word to get my company endwise, so I shouted, 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, and it will fall in again on the other side of the gate.' "

He made a great many speeches at this time, and his knowledge of affairs, his logic, his interest, was true and straight.

On one occasion a fight started between some opposing parties and some of his friends. He saw that his friends were being worsted, and he jumped down from the platform, promptly whipped the other men, then came back and finished his speech.

He learned surveying at this time, and was so correct in his surveys that he was in constant demand at three dollars per day, and became, like Washington, the authorized (deputy) county surveyor. In his journeyings as surveyor, there was not a home where he was not more than welcome. His honest, kindly, helpful nature and his ready wit and stories appealed to all.

LIFE was before him. His mind was well trained —trained by himself and necessity, and assimilated knowledge easily.

He was ambitious, and—in love. Engaged to Ann Rutledge, a beautiful girl. Her sad death in August, 1835, threw Lincoln into the deepest gloom.

She had malarial fever, which developed into hasty consumption. Lincoln also at this time, and for

months, was affected with the same fever. It was quite prevalent, and many people died from it. This condition of his own health, no doubt, gave an added gloom to his sorrow over the death of his sweetheart, so that his friends feared his reason would forsake him.

A friend, Bowling Green, by name, took him into his home and there he was nursed back to health. But to the grave of Ann Rutledge he often went, and said that his heart was buried there. With his iron grip, however, he outwardly mastered himself.

This new sorrow brought in the end that poise and power, which only deep grief can bring. Lincoln's life had been full of sadness, for his affections were deep. The loss of his mother he felt very keenly, and then his sister a few years later was taken.

He seems to have been fond of his step-mother, Sarah Bush Johnston Lincoln. She was sensible, kind and much interested in her step-son, tho she brought three children of her own into the Lincoln household.

But Lincoln, while he was a part of, was always apart from other people. He felt more keenly. He was deeper, bigger, broader, more in touch with the unseen, more alive and in sympathy with unseen influences. He could not explain this. He could not say "I am different," but he felt it.

"We are mortals clad in veils
Man by man was never seen
All our deep communings fail
To remove the shadowy screen."

GREATNESS does not come by chance—there's a reason. There is a mental and spiritual law as well as a physical. We do not understand it, but it exists just the same.

Lincoln never knew exactly who he was, and he had various surmises, which are supposed to have tinged his life with a melancholy strain.

But it has been ascertained definitely that he came of honorable lineage, on both sides of his parentage. There is not time in this short sketch to go into it, but William E. Barton, after great painstaking research, has written a 400-page volume upon the subject, and contemporary writers have also traced his ancestry straight and legitimately back to the early days of 1635 and back of that to England, so that were Lincoln living today he might be a Son of the Revolution and his sister a Colonial Dame. *But of what use are any of these societies, if not to work and fight for the great principles which glorify and uplift the honor, integrity, dignity and power of the nation—just as Lincoln did?*

Lincoln was big, broad, bountiful in his mind. It was never of himself that he thought. Small politics never interested him, but when a great principle was at stake, when a great wrong was, or about to be, perpetrated upon his fellow beings, then it was that his titanic powers were roused, and the force of his eloquence was supreme.

Lincoln always acknowledged his lack of classical training. His studies in the school room were less than a year. Once when a party of distinguished ministers visited him in Washington, one turned to the other and repeated something in Latin. Lincoln leaned forward in his chair and said, "All of which, I presume you know, I do not understand."

A few days after this, however, in riding out to his summer home, on the outskirts of the city, he described and discoursed upon all the varied trees by the way, showing, as he said, the knowledge he had gained as a frontiersman.

And now in 1836 he is admitted to the practice of law. While in the Illinois legislature for four years, he was largely instrumental in having the capitol of the state removed to Springfield, and in Springfield he now opens his law office. Stephen A. Douglas, whom Lincoln met in the legislature, and had met before that in New Salem, is also a resident of Springfield.

It is in this city that he is to live for the next twenty-five years, here he is to show his power of logic and reason, his knowledge of men and affairs. Mr. Herndon, who was his junior partner, says of him:

"The truth about the whole matter is that Lincoln read less and thought more than any man in his sphere in America. When young he read the Bible, and when of age, he read Shakespeare. The latter book was scarcely ever out of his mind. He possessed originality and power of thought in an eminent degree. He was cautious, cool, patient and enduring. He must know his subject inside and outside, upside and downside.

He was a merciless analyzer of facts, things and principles. All opponents dreaded him, and woe be to the man who hugged to himself a secret error if Mr. Lincoln got on the chase of it.

His pursuit of truth was indefatigable, terrible. It seemed at times that Mr. Lincoln was fresh from the hand of the Creator. He was an odd and original man. He lived by himself and out of himself. He was a very sensitive man, unobtrusive and gentlemanly. He had no avarice in his nature, nor any other vice. It puzzled him at Washington to know and to get at the root of this dread desire, this contagious disease of national robbery in the Nation's death struggle.

This man, this long, bony, wiry, sad-eyed man, floated into our country in 1831, in a frail canoe, down the north fork of the Sangamon River, friendless, penniless, powerless and alone—begging for work. Ragged, struggling for the common necessities of life.

This man, this peculiar man, left us in 1861, as President of the United States, backed by friends, power, fame and all human force."

IN 1837, the year after Lincoln moved himself and his small belongings to Springfield, and had begun the practice of law in that city, he went one day with some lawyers and doctors to a camp meeting at Salem, his old "camping-ground."

He cracked jokes and was the life of the crowd. When they reached the camp meeting, Peter Akers, a famous preacher, was holding forth. His sermon was three hours long, and he said a great war would put an end to slavery in the sixties. The crowd surged around the preacher, and he cried out, "*Who can tell but that the man who shall lead us thru this strife may be standing here?*" A solemn stillness fell over the assembly.

As they were returning to Springfield, Lincoln remained silent a long time. At last, one asked him what he thought of the sermon. His answer was:

"Peter Akers has convinced me that American slavery will go down in the crash of civil war; and, gentlemen, you may be surprised, but when the preacher was describing the civil war, I distinctly saw myself, as in second sight, bearing an important part in that strife."

The next day, Mr. Lincoln came very late to the office, looking pale and haggard. Mr. Herndon exclaimed, "Why, Lincoln, what's the matter?"

Lincoln replied, "I am utterly unable to shake myself free from the conviction that I shall be involved in that war."

LINCOLN'S life was undoubtedly inspired from early childhood, and was a life of growth from inspiration to inspiration.

WE have seen how the death of Ann Rutledge affected him, but life with her was not to be. It had exerted its influence; it helped to give him strength and power, but he was now to come into the aura of one who had faith in him, had ambition for him, who saw his greatness, and who always helped and urged him toward the goal which she clearly saw was his.

I say this, because in my opinion (after careful investigation) Mary Todd, the wife of Abraham Lincoln, has been much maligned.

She was high-strung, temperamental, of good family, a brilliant conversationalist, well educated and a fine French scholar. Her relatives did not favor her marriage with Lincoln, who tho brilliant, was thought to be of too obscure and ordinary pedigree for their fastidious tastes. Mary Todd, however, preferred Lincoln to any of her suitors, and she had many. They became engaged, but Lincoln tho polite and gentlemanly was lacking in the nice little attentions which women like, and was often delinquent in these respects. The engagement was finally broken and so remained for nearly a year.

He had said not long before this that his "heart was in the grave with Ann Rutledge," but the old adage is pretty true that,

"Men have died and worms have eaten them; but not for love."

Tho Lincoln was deeply in love with this beautiful girl, he never would have become the man he did, had he married her.

Mary Todd was in love with Lincoln. She discerned through the unprepossessing setting, the fire of the great soul within. An old lady in Springfield said:

"We girls all liked Lincoln, tho he was not a ladies' man. The only thing we had against him was that he attracted all the men away by themselves at our parties."

The engagement with Miss Todd was renewed in about a year, and on November 4th, 1842, they were very quietly married. In two years after this he purchased a very unpretentious home, in which he lived until he left it for the White House in 1861.

His four boys were born here, and here they lived among their friends and the gossips for seventeen years. Mrs. Lincoln undoubtedly had some temper, but she was kind and always interested in her husband's welfare. She was quick to see what was for his advantage and to throw her influence that way. He did some things which shocked her sense of conventionality and roused her ire.

One day the door bell rang, and Mr. Lincoln in his friendly homespun way (it is said, in his shirt-sleeves) opened the door and ushered in two stylish Springfield dames.

"Come right in," he said, "and I'll go and run the women-folks in."

Mr. Lincoln himself "ran out" very shortly after this, and was not seen around the premises again for several hours.

They had at this time for several years a Swedish maid for household purposes. Waiting upon the door was one of them.

Many American dames who never even thought of aspiring to be "First Lady of the Land," would not have been meek under such provocation.

A lady said to Mrs. Lincoln one day, "If I had a husband with the brains yours has, I wouldn't mind if he smashed every conventionality."

"I suppose I am foolish," replied Mrs. Lincoln, well pleased with the compliment.

Stephen Fiske in "When Lincoln was First Inaugurated," says:

"When they were on their way to Washington in 1861, upon reaching New York City, as the train was stopping they saw the immense crowds that had gathered. Then Mrs. Lincoln opened her handbag and said 'Abraham, I must fix you up a little for these city folks.' Mr. Lincoln lifted her gently to the seat in front of him. She parted and brushed his hair and arranged his black necktie. 'Do I look nice now, Mother?' he affectionately asked.

"Well, you'll do, Abraham," she replied. So he kissed her and lifted her down from the seat.

And it was this motherly care that Mrs. Lincoln always had over him. They were a happy family, on the whole, possibly with an occasional break, living in their quiet home in Springfield, and Mr. Lincoln was devoted to his boys, who were full of their pranks. They never annoyed him, but seemed to afford him endless amusement.

MR. RANKIN in his *Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln*, says:

"Mr. Lincoln was ten years her senior. He had passed the 'susceptible age' when marriages are contracted on impulse. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln in many situations—at their home, leaving home, separating for absence on business or pleasure, when call-

ing at the law office during busy hours, driving out together, at parties, attending church, in both pleasant and trying situations with their children, with their friends, their political foes, and later with huzzahing crowds, and in none of these situations did I ever detect in Mrs. Lincoln aught but the most wifely and matronly propriety and respect toward her husband, her family and her friends."

There were moods of inner solitude into which Lincoln sometimes lapsed. They were characteristic of him long before she met him. Her sprightly spirit and keen wit lit up this gloom. She, of all who were near him, was the only one who had the skill and tact to shorten their duration.

He was careless and indifferent about his eating, and she in her anxiety for his health was insistent that he should eat regularly well prepared food. Once in the White House he was in consultation over an important matter when the butler announced dinner. He paid no attention. Then little "Tad" came and begged and pulled his father to "come to dinner." He dismissed the little fellow, saying, "Yes, yes, directly." But in a few minutes Mrs. Lincoln appeared and emphatically informed him of the repeated calls to dinner, and that they were waiting for him.

At this Mr. Lincoln laid aside the documents, and without the least displeasure, crossed the room, took Mrs. Lincoln by both arms, and slowly and gently moved toward the doorway, until she was through it, then closing the door and locking it, he quietly, without a word, went on with the business. Thus he showed that when more important things than himself were at stake he was master.

Mrs. Lincoln's motive behind all this was right. She was solicitous for her husband's welfare, and it was this care of hers that, no doubt, helped greatly

to keep him in strength and health during his most strenuous years, for he was always very indifferent to the importance of regular food, as well as regular hours of rest.

MR. ALCOTT, of Elgin, Illinois, tells of seeing Mr. Lincoln coming home from church unusually early one Sunday. "Tad" was slung across his arm like a pair of saddle bags, and Mr. Lincoln was striding with long, deliberate steps toward his home.

On a corner he met a group of friends. "Gentlemen," he said, "I entered this colt, but he kicked so, I had to withdraw him."

Mr. Lincoln's kindness was proverbial in Springfield. One day he saw a little girl standing by her gate and crying. He stopped and asked her what the matter was. "Oh. Mr. Lincoln," she said, "I was going to take the train for a visit, but the man doesn't come for my trunk, and I shall miss it."

"Is that all?" said Mr. Lincoln. "Well, dry your eyes and let me look at the trunk." He followed the little girl upstairs, shouldered the not overlarge trunk, carried it to the depot, and saw the happy little girl and her trunk safely on their journey.

Such homely, every-day acts of kindness endeared Mr. Lincoln to Springfield people, and no one could be more beloved than he by his fellow townsmen.

He was a gentleman at heart. A gentleman born, and he would fain have forgotten the rough, hard, rail splitting, ragged, bare-foot, uncouth days of his childhood, but, if he individually could have forgotten them, his relatives and "friends" took care that he should not.

And thus passed the seventeen following years at Springfield. He was saddled with a \$1200 debt,

which his drunken partner in Salem had left for him to carry, and he had his father's indigent family to aid—these matters, combined with the fact that Mr. Lincoln's acquisitiveness amounted to making an honest living, and that a frugal one, with always a fear of overcharging his clients, brought him at the end of these seventeen years to where he owned just the house he lived in.

He never drank liquor, nor used tobacco. In this way he put the laugh over on Stephen A. Douglas once in their debates.

At one of their meetings, Douglas told the crowd that when he first knew Lincoln he was a "grocery-keeper, and sold whiskey, cigars, etc."

"Mr. Lincoln," he said, "was a very good bartender." This put the laugh on Lincoln. But Mr. Lincoln's reply came soon.

"What Mr. Douglas has said, gentlemen, is true enough. I did keep a grocery, and I did sell cotton, candles, cigars and sometimes whiskey, but I remember in those days Mr. Douglas was one of my best customers. I can also say this: that I have since left my side of the counter, while Mr. Douglas sticks to his!"

This brought such a storm of cheers and laughter that Douglas was silenced.

Lincoln went on living, cracking his jokes, telling his stories, winning his cases, making friends and extending his reputation throughout Illinois.

A LAWYER one day said to one of the judges that he thought Lincoln's stories were a waste of time.

"Lay not that flattering unction to your soul," replied the judge. "Lincoln is like Tansey's horse, he breaks to win."

And win he did. In 1846 he was elected to Congress.

During this time Judge Hammond and Thomas H. Nelson, (the latter appointed by Lincoln, when President, minister to Chili) were going from Terre Haute to Indianapolis by stage coach.

"As we stepped in," said Nelson later, "we saw that the entire back seat was occupied by a long, lank individual whose head seemed to protrude from one side of the coach and his feet from the other. Hammond slapped him familiarly on the shoulder and asked him if he had chartered the whole coach that day."

"'Certainly not,' and he at once took the front seat, giving us the place of honor and comfort. An odd looking fellow he was, without vest or cravat. Regarding him as a subject for merriment, we perpetrated several jokes. He took them with the utmost good nature and joined in the laugh, though at his own expense.

"After an astounding display of wordy pyrotechnics, the stranger asked, 'What will become of this Comet business?'

"Reaching Indianapolis, we went to our hotel, losing sight of the stranger. After washing up, I descended to the portico, and there descried our long, gloomy fellow-traveler in the center of an admiring group of lawyers, among whom were Judges McLean and Huntington, Albert S. White and Richard W. Thompson, who seemed amused at the story he was telling. I enquired of the landlord who he was.

"'Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, a member of Congress,' was the reply. I was thunderstruck and hurried upstairs to tell Hammond. Together we emerged from the hotel by a back door and down an alley to another house, thus avoiding further contact with our fellow-traveler.

"Years after, when the President-elect was on his way to Washington, I was in the same hotel looking the distinguished party over, when a long arm reached to my shoulder and a shrill voice exclaimed, 'Hello, Nelson! Do you think the whole world is going to follow the darned thing off?' These were my own words in answer to his question regarding the Comet in the stage coach. The speaker was Abraham Lincoln."

Yes, Lincoln would tell his stories, be chatty, cheerful and laugh, and yet, as Herndon says, "You could see, if you had any perception, that Lincoln's soul was not present; it was in another sphere. He was with you, yet not with you; familiar with you, yet kept you at a distance. Lincoln was a reticent, secretive, uncommunicable man. He lived a pure and lofty life. *This I know*, and in his practical life he was spiritual. Lincoln's conscience was his Court of Courts, from which there was no appeal."

BUT now he is in Congress. Let us see what he is doing there.

The Mexican war is on. The Whigs detested this war, but all the slave owners were pushing it along. Southern people had migrated to Texas because they could hold slaves there, and in 1835 Texas revolted against Mexico, and declared its independence, defeated the Mexicans and asked admission to the United States. The North objected, but the South voted it in, in 1845.

Texas was fifty times as large as Connecticut, and would make several Southern states. The objection the North had to annexation was that it would make trouble with Mexico, which it did. But this was an argument in its favor with the South. A war with Mexico might bring them still more slave states.

There arose at once a dispute over the boundary line. The American troops invaded what the Mexicans called their territory, and the Mexicans came over and killed some Americans. Then President Polk declared:

“War exists, notwithstanding all my efforts to avoid it.”

Lincoln was greatly disappointed when, two years before, Henry Clay was defeated and James K. Polk was elected President.

Slavery was now the great political question, and Lincoln, who was so perfectly acquainted with public documents, and *awake to the principle that no liberties must be taken with the Constitution*, was watching events with the eye of a jealous God.

He made a speech arraigning the President for not acting in good faith, and intimated that Polk was deeply conscious of being in the wrong—“that he feels this war crying to Heaven against him, and trusting to evade scrutiny by fixing the public gaze upon the exceeding brightness of *Military Glory, that attractive rainbow, that rises in showers of blood, that serpent’s eye, that charms but to destroy.*”

He also introduced a bill, as Clay had done before him, to purchase and free all slaves in the District of Columbia, but it did not pass.

When Taylor was elected in 1848, Lincoln’s term as Congressman expired, and he refused re-nomination, saying, “Turn about is fair play.” But his good work while in Congress brought him many invitations to speak throughout the East. The Baltimore press styled him a “very keen, original fellow, and a tremendous wag withal.”

On this Eastern trip he saw how impossible it would be to ever hope to reconcile Northern Abolitionists with Southern slavery.

Lincoln held to the idea that *the Constitution of the United States was sacred*, and as long as it permitted slavery, slavery must be endured, and he realized that the reason slavery was considered right in the South and wrong in the North was because it paid in the South and did not pay in the North.

He was too clear visioned not to see through all the righteous sentiment against slavery the political schemes which lay beneath.

Both Washington and Lincoln were guided by their hearts, and not alone by their heads.

"Go to your bosom, knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know," said the Bard of Avon. And in his heart Lincoln knew that had William Lloyd Garrison lived in the South, under the direct influence of slavery, breathing the same air with the owners of slaves, depending upon slave labor for his prosperity, he would not have been so pronounced about Abolition.

And Lincoln knew that the North was just as much to blame as the South for the introduction of this same slavery into the Union, and that because *it didn't pay* was the only reason the North gave it up.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mein
That to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
But seen too oft—familiar to the face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The North was removed from this evil and the distance made it look hideous. Lincoln knew this, and brought it out clearly in his Second Inaugural.

But in the meantime, after his trip East, he settles himself down to business at the old stand, and quietly practices law. He knew what was coming, but he bided his time.

MR. SPEED says: "After his first years as a lawyer, he was acknowledged to be among the best in the state. His analytical powers were marvelous. He always resolved every question into its primary elements, and gave up every point on his own side that did not seem to be invulnerable. One would think he was giving his case away. But he always reserved a point upon which he claimed a decision in his favor, and his concessions magnified the strength of his claim. He rarely failed in gaining his cases in court."

Honorable David Davis said: "He hated wrong and oppression everywhere, and many a man whose fraudulent conduct was undergoing review in a court of justice, has withered under his terrific indignation and rebuke."

Mr. Lincoln was once associated with Mr. Leonard Swett in defending a man accused of murder. He listened to the testimony which witness after witness gave against his client, till his honest heart could stand it no longer, then turning to his associate, he said, "Swett, the man is guilty. You defend him. I can't."

Swett did defend him, and the man was acquitted. Lincoln declined his share of the fee, saying Swett had by his eloquence saved a guilty man from justice, and it all belonged to him.

At another time, he left the court and the bailiff found him in the office of a nearby hotel, his feet on the stove, in a brown study.

"Mr. Lincoln, the judge wants you," said the bailiff.

"Oh, does he? Well, you go back and tell the judge I have to *wash my hands*." He would not go back to the case.

Lincoln was indifferent about his dress, and careless to a fault about his personal appearance. How-

ever, on one occasion, at least, he is described as having on a well-fitting broadcloth suit, black silk cravat, tied well up around the neck, a pair of highly polished boots, and carrying a silk hat.

This was in the trial of a case in Danville, Illinois, and it is presumable that he wore the same suit upon other occasions.

On these court circuit trips from town to town, there was always a brilliant bunch of lawyers and judges, and they would sit up late and crack their jokes. On one of these trips, Judge Linder's daughter, with a young lady friend, accompanied him.

In the morning, Mr. Lincoln said to one of them, "Did we disturb your sleep last night?"

"No, I had no sleep," was the reply, which seemed to amuse him. But the ladies demurred that the gentlemen had the most fun after the ladies had retired.

"But, Madame," said Lincoln, "you would not have enjoyed the things we laugh at."

Then he deplored the fact that men seemed to enjoy and remember his "broad" stories better than any others.

Judge Linder replied that he did not remember the "broad" part so much as the moral that was in them, and to this they all agreed.

THE "poor whites" of Kentucky spoke, in Lincoln's time, and afterward, the old Shakespearean English, and, uncultured as they were in up-to-date standards, yet the writings of Swift, Smollett, Johnson, Decameron, etc., had sifted through and tinged their thoughts and speech.

Abraham Lincoln had, no doubt, received an early bias by this influence, and besides this, anyone who reads a straight, unexpurgated edition of the Bible and Shakespeare continually, must, if naturally

spiritually minded, as Lincoln was, unconsciously form the habit of drawing practical moral and spiritual lessons from what seems to many people with less penetration and more material minds, as, at least, bordering upon the obscene. (This is putting it mildly.)

Lincoln never told a story without a purpose, and that purpose a moral and uplifting one.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, who, while painting the portraits of Lincoln and his cabinet, lived for six months at the White House, speaking of the reports that Lincoln habitually indulged in objectionable stories, says:

"Mr. Lincoln, I am convinced, has been greatly wronged in this respect. Every foul-mouthed man in the country gave currency to the slime and filth of his own imagination by attributing it to the President.

"It is but simple justice to his memory that I should state that during the entire period of my stay in Washington, after witnessing his intercourse with nearly all classes of men, embracing Governors, Senators, men of Congress, officers of the Navy, and intimate friends, I cannot recollect to have heard him relate a circumstance to any one of them which would have been out of place for a ladies' drawing room. And this testimony is not unsupported by others, well entitled to consideration.

Dr. Stone, his family physician, came in one day to see my studies. Sitting in front of the President, with whom he did not sympathize politically, he remarked, with much feeling, 'It is the province of the physician to probe deeply into the interior lives of men, and I affirm that Mr. Lincoln is the purest hearted man with whom I have ever come in contact.' "

Secretary Seward said, "Mr. Lincoln is the best man I ever knew."

Henry B. Rankin, in his "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," says:

"There is certainly a great reward awaiting the artist who can so study Lincoln as to reproduce, and permanently preserve for all future time, his commanding presence in the dignity and composure manifested by him on public occasions.

"Every part of Lincoln's body betokened readiness. A man of action—an alert, living, watchful, sensitive, seeing personality, ready for service. In speaking, his shoulders were thrown slightly backward, and those far-visioned eyes lit up with an animation that freed his countenance from any severity of outline."

AND it was this man, this man who in his severest trials, gave utterance, both in words and life, to the most sublime truths of faith and trust, who has been called an infidel!

Mr. Lincoln was a Christian mystic. Francis Grierson, in his little book called "The Practical Mystic," approaches the truth most nearly.

Mr. Lincoln said himself to Mrs. Rankin:

"I cannot, without mental reservations, assent to long and complicated creeds and catechisms. If the church would ask simply for the Saviour's statement of the Substance of the Law: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church I would gladly unite with."

The Rev. J. F. Jacquess was with him when he said this. He, Jacquess, was afterward Colonel of the 73rd regiment of Illinois Volunteers, in the Civil War, and did Lincoln an inestimable service in going on a secret mission to Jefferson Davis. This

visit to the Confederacy, in time of the darkest days of the Rebellion, was mystical, and if Lincoln had not believed in the guidance of the Invisible Spirit of Truth, he never would have yielded to Mr. Jacquess' plea to be sent as a messenger of the Almighty.

Lincoln believed himself to be in the hands of an invisible, irresistible, inevitable power. He believed in *law—eternal, universal law*.

He never believed that the value of a God depended upon his ignoring great cosmic laws, on a moment's notice and attending to the individual, but he believed that every individual was a part of the great cosmic whole, and came under the same material and spiritual law. This he brought out clearly in his second inaugural address.

Lincoln, in his religious belief, in his grand nobility of character and of purpose, in his Christ-like forgiveness, and meek, submissive, yet ever purposeful spirit; always sinking himself in the great object before him; and in his closeness to the Great Invisible, was so much above and beyond his "orthodox" critics that it is a wonder they do not hear the voice from Heaven saying, "The place whereon thou standest is Holy Ground."

Lincoln could never have anything, religious or otherwise, "crammed down his throat." He had to think things out his own way, and with his own light. And that light at times shone very clearly. He thought as he was led to think by the light of experience, affliction and reflection; and this reflection was often the reflex of his inner consciousness, for he had a soul that had traveled far on its journey toward God. (Good.)

His opinions, his decisions, his dreams were often prophetic. They were like the Voice of Truth lead-

ing him, and often allowing him to catch a glimpse beyond the Veil.

After he was elected to the Presidency, he tells of lying down in Mrs. Lincoln's sitting room one day, and seeing a double reflection of himself in the mirror—one face more indistinct than the other and a little beyond it. He could not account for this and thought it might be some refraction of the light. The next day, he arranged himself in the same position and the same phenomena was repeated. Mrs. Lincoln told him she thought it meant a renomination for the second term, but that he would not live through it.

Then, the night before his assassination, he dreamed that he was sailing in a mysterious vessel with the swiftness of the wind toward a dark and vanishing shore. He had dreamed this same dream many times before, usually before some great battle.

He repeated this dream to Secretary Stanton, and it is said that Stanton urged him not to go to the theatre that night.

But dreams, if they are anything, are *visions, not warnings*. They foretell things that *are to be*, not things that can be avoided.

Lincoln said that he was in the hands of an Over-Ruling Providence, whose ways were inscrutable. That conditions and events controlled men. And yet Lincoln believed that man was accountable for his acts, and for the thought behind the act.

HERNDON said:

"Lincoln is a man of heart, aye, gentle as a woman's and as tender, but he has a will strong as iron. If any question comes up which is doubtful, questionable, and which no man can demonstrate, his friends can rule him. But when on *Right*,

Liberty, Justice, the Constitution and the Union, then all stand aside! No man, no set of men, can move him. There is no failure here. You and I must keep the people right. God will keep Lincoln right."

After his return from Congress, Lincoln devoted much more time to study than before. His desire was to bring himself up to the culture of the East. He became the leading lawyer of Illinois.

The years passed on between 1849 and 1854. The railroads had brought eastern people west to the great prairie lands and to the mining camps. About 3,000,000 immigrants from Europe had settled throughout the West. The North and West was a great hive of industry. Everybody worked. All labor was honorable, while in the South there were the three classes—the slave owners who did no work, the slaves who did all the work (three slaves would do as much as one good northern white man), and the poor whites, who did just as little work as possible.

The comparison, therefore, of thrift and enterprise was decidedly in favor of the North. No immigrants would go South for obvious reasons.

In 1854, the territories of Kansas and Nebraska had become populous enough to be admitted into the Union as states, and now occurred something which aroused Lincoln to the depths of his soul and brought him firmly to his feet. It was the *Repeal of the Missouri Compromise*. This meant the extension of slavery.

Stephen A. Douglas, then a member of the United States Senate, introduced a bill to carry it into Kansas and Nebraska. The South carried the measure and declared the Missouri Compromise unconstitutional. The North was incensed. Douglas went

to Chicago to pacify the people, but was hooted from the platform.

He had, however, great charm and power, and a little later spoke at the State Fair in Springfield to a great crowd.

It was announced that Lincoln would reply to him the next day. His friends expected him to do well, but he far surpassed their fondest hopes. "When had he mastered the history of the slavery question so well!"

"Disavowing all prejudice against the Southern people," he declared, "*They are just what we would be in their situation.*"

"It all depends upon whether a negro is a man or not. If he is not a man, then he who is a man may do just what he pleases with him.

But if he is a man, then is it not a total destruction of self-government to say that he, too, shall not rule himself?

When the white man governs himself, that is self-government, but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is despotism.

What I do say, is that no man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent.

I say this is the leading principle, the sheet anchor of American Republicanism."

It was about this time that the old Whig party was merged into the Republican party.

The excitement over Kansas was intense. The new state was in the hands of a pro-slavery mob. We must understand that the slave trade, the buying and selling, as well as the overseeing of the slaves, was in the hands of very common, brutal people. The owners were usually kind-hearted gentlemen, who never soiled their hands with this kind of business, and the mob that now controlled

Kansas was of this low class, the traders, not the owners. The capitol of Kansas was laid in ruins, and its governor taken prisoner.

A MEETING was called at Bloomington, Illinois, to form a new party. Hitherto there were Whig Abolitionists and Democrat Abolitionists. Now there must be a merging of all anti-slavery men into one party, and here at Bloomington it was formed. Speaker after speaker was called to the platform, without producing any effect. Finally there was a call for "Lincoln! Give us Lincoln!"

A tall figure arose, and walked to the platform. It was the crisis of his life and he realized it. "He had been fighting slavery for years under the name of Whig, now he saw its futility."

Very slowly he began his speech, but as he grew in intensity, he seemed like a giant inspired. It was at this meeting as noticed at the beginning of this "flashlight" that Lincoln shouted, "We won't go out of the Union, and you shan't!"

The effect was such that reporters forgot to take notes, and it was called Lincoln's lost speech, though parts of it were remembered and preserved. Thus was born the Republican party!

This was in May, 1856. In the autumn of that year Buchanan was elected President. Shortly after this "The Dred Scott Case" intensified the feeling of the North. The annulment of the Missouri Compromise—or the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, as it was called—deprived Congress of any right to regulate slavery in the territories, but Kansas and Nebraska being filled with enterprising Northern men and foreigners who saw no chance for a white man in a slave-holding state, had voted themselves into the Union as Free States. But now the Dred Scott decision by Judge Taney again set the North on fire.

Dred Scott was a slave belonging to an army surgeon. This surgeon went from Missouri in 1834 and took his slave with him to Illinois, and some years afterward to the territory of Minnesota. When they returned to Missouri, the slave claimed that, as he had been in a free country, he was a free man. The case was finally tried in the United States Supreme Court.

The decision was:

"I. *That a slave, according to the Constitution, was not a person, but a chattel or mere piece of property.*

"II. *That the Missouri Compromise, forbidding slavery in a part of the Louisiana Purchase—was not constitutional, since Congress had no right to interfere with slavery in the territories.*

"III. *That a master had as much right to take his slave into a free state as he had to take his horse or cow or any personal property.*"

THIS meant clearly that slavery could be carried into any state. The North was aflame!

"What!" cried Douglas, "Oppose the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States! It is anarchy!"

Lincoln met him squarely on this issue. Douglas readily acquiesced to Lincoln's proposal that they should hold seven debates, in different cities of the state. The whole country watched these debates, and they were fully reported in every leading newspaper.

Douglas went in great state and pomp—a special train and band playing.

Lincoln traveled with great simplicity, though the people made many demonstrations.

In the Lincoln processions were what Lincoln called a "basket of flowers." Thirty-two young girls

in a resplendent car, bearing banners. At Charlestown was a thirty-third, with a banner inscribed, "Kansas. I will be free."

And mottoes like this:

"Westward the Star of Empire takes it way,
The girls link on to Lincoln, their mothers were
for Clay."

"Abe, the Giant Killer," etc. (Douglas was called "The little Giant.")

Lincoln soon discovered that Douglas was not always truthful; and *Lincoln's absolute knowledge of, and truthful interpretation of, the Constitution, and all other public documents, was his fortress and strength.*

Then Douglas soon made a break with Buchanan, which brought Horace Greeley to his side, but lost him Southern patronage. This was brought about by Lincoln's prophetic astuteness in forcing leading questions upon him.

Isaac N. Arnold, in his "Abraham Lincoln," says:

"The discussions between Lincoln and Douglas in 1858, were unquestionably the most important in American history. There had been great debates in the old Continental Congress on the subject of independence and other vital questions.

"The discussion between Webster and Hayne and Webster and Calhoun on Nullification of the Constitution were memorable; but the debates in 1858 between Lincoln and Douglas, in historic interest, surpassed them all and did more than any other agency to prepare the way for the overthrow of slavery.

"The speeches of John Quincy Adams and Charles Sumner were more learned and scholarly; those of Lovejoy and Wendell Phillips more vehement and impassioned.

"But Lincoln's were more philosophical, while as earnest and able as any, and his manner had a simplicity and directness, a clearness of statement and felicity of illustration, and his language a plainness and Anglo-Saxon strength that reached the masses—the mass of voters."

They were both thoroughly trained speakers, but entirely different in kind.

Douglas said that in all his discussions at Washington, he had never met an opponent who had given him so much trouble as Lincoln.

Lincoln had several advantages over Douglas. He was always good humored. He had the better temper, and his wit and stories were an immense advantage.

Francis E. Browne, in his "Every Day Life of Lincoln," tells of a most laughable retort, on one occasion, which he made to Douglas.

Douglas said in the course of his speech, "The Whigs are all dead."

When Lincoln's turn came he said, as he continued to arise from his chair, higher and higher:

"Mr. Douglas has told you the Whigs are all dead, so you will now have the novelty of a speech from a dead man, and I suppose you might say, 'Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound.' This set the audience wild with delight.

Lincoln's speeches made people think.

Once while Lincoln was speaking, Douglas became greatly excited, and he kept his watch before him while he paced back and forth. Suddenly he cried:

"Sit down, Lincoln. Your time is up. Sit down."

Turning slowly to Douglas, Lincoln said:

"I *will* quit. I believe my time is up."

"Yes," said a man on the platform, "Douglas has

had enough. It's time you let up on him." And this was the feeling of friend and foe alike.

AFTER these debates Lincoln was invited to deliver a speech at Cooper Institute, New York City (February 27th, 1860). It was the speech of a scholar and a statesman, and as it embodies much that he said in the Douglas Debates, a part of it is here given:

"Senator Douglas has said, '*Our fathers, when they framed the Government under which we live, understood this question just as well and even better than we do now.*' I fully endorse this and adopt it as a text for this discourse.

Who were our fathers, that 'framed the Constitution?'

I suppose the thirty-nine who signed the original instrument may fairly be called 'Our Fathers.'

What is the question, which, according to the text, those fathers understood 'just as well and even better than we do now?'

It is this: *Does the proper division of local from federal authority, or anything in the Constitution, forbid our Federal Government to control as to slavery in our Federal Territories?*

Upon this Senator Douglas holds the affirmative, and the Republicans the negative.

This affirmation and denial form an issue, and this issue, this question is precisely what the text declares 'our fathers understood better than we.'

In 1787, Lincoln went on to show, "The ordinance prohibiting slavery in the territories became a law known as the Ordinance of '87.

In 1789, by the first Congress which sat under the Constitution, an act was passed to enforce the Ordinance of '87, including the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern Territory, unanimously.

George Washington approved and signed the bill. In 1803 the Federal Government purchased the Louisiana Country.

Our former territorial acquisitions came from our own states, but this Louisiana Country was acquired from a foreign nation. Slavery was intermingled with the people at the time the purchase was made.

Congress did not here prohibit slavery, but they did interfere with it in a very marked way; thus showing Federal control.

Now and here let me guard a little against being misunderstood.

I do not mean to say that we are bound to follow implicitly in whatever our fathers did. To do so would be to discard all the lights of current experiences—to reject all progress, all improvement.

What I do say is that if we would supplant the opinions and policy of our fathers in any case, we should do so upon evidence so conclusive and argument so clear, that even their great authority, fairly weighed and considered, cannot stand. *And most assuredly not in a case whereof we ourselves declare, 'They understood the question better than we.'*

And Judge Douglas is especially horrified at the thought of the mixing of blood by the white and black races. Agreed for once—a thousand times agreed!

And when he shall show that his policy is better adapted to prevent amalgamation than ours, we will drop ours and adopt his.

Let us see:

In 1850 there were in the United States 405,751 mulattoes. Very few of these are the offspring of whites and free blacks; nearly all have sprung from black slaves and white masters.

In 1850 there were in the free states 56,649 mulattoes, but for the most part they were not born

there—they came from the slave states. In the same year the slave states had 348,874 mulattoes, all of home production. The proportion of mulattoes to blacks is much greater in the slave states than in the free states. It is worthy of note, too, that among the free states, those that make the colored man the nearest equal to the white, have proportionately the fewest mulattoes.

In New Hampshire, the state which goes farthest toward equality between the races, there are just 184 mulattoes, while there are in Virginia—how many do you think? 79,775, being 23,126 more than in all the free states together.

These statistics show that slavery is the greatest cause of amalgamation; and yet Judge Douglas dreads the slightest restraint upon the spread of slavery, the slightest human recognition of the negro, as tending horribly toward amalgamation.

I have said that the separation of the races is the only perfect preventive of amalgamation. Such separation, if effected at all, must be effected by colonization. The enterprise is a difficult one, but where there is a will there is a way.

Will springs from the two elements of moral sense and self-interest.

Let us be brought to believe it is morally right, and at the same time favorable to, or at least, not against, our self-interest to transfer the African to his native clime, and we shall find a way to do it.

He ended by saying: 'Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us, to the end, do our duty as we understand it.' "

IN one speech (at Peoria) prior to this, he said: "Slave states are places for poor whites to remove from, not to *go to*.

New free states are places for poor people to go to, and better their condition. For this use the nation needs the territories.

Still further: There are constitutional relations between the slave and free states, which are degrading to the latter. We are under legal obligations to catch and return their runaway slaves. A sort of dirty, disagreeable job, which, I believe, the slave owners will not perform for each other.

In Government representation, five slaves are considered equal to three whites. Thus Maine has 581,813 in population, and is so represented, while South Carolina has 274,367. Maine has twice as many voters as South Carolina, and 52,679 over. But each white man in South Carolina is more than the double of any man in Maine. This is all because South Carolina, besides her free people, has 384,984 slaves. He is more than the double of any one in this crowd. Now all this is manifestly unfair, *but it is in the Constitution, and I stand to it, fairly, fully, squarely.*

But when I am told that I must leave it altogether to other people to say whether new partners shall come into the firm, on the same degrading terms, I most respectfully demur.

I insist that whether I shall be a whole man, or only half of one in comparison with others, is a question in which I am somewhat concerned, and one which no other man can have a sacred right of deciding for me.

The Missouri Compromise ought to be restored. For the sake of the Union it ought to be restored. If by any means we fail to do this, what follows? Slavery may, or may not, be established in Nebraska. But whether it be or not, we shall have repudiated, discarded, from the Councils of the Nation the Spirit of Compromise; for who after this will ever

trust in a National Compromise! The Spirit of Mutual Concession; that spirit which first gave us the Constitution, and which has thrice saved the Union, we shall have strangled and cast from us forever.

At the framing and adoption of the Constitution, they forbore to so much as mention the word 'slave' or 'slavery' in the whole instrument. Thus the thing is hid away in the Constitution just as an afflicted man hides away a wen or cancer, which he dare not cut out lest he bleed to death. With the promise, nevertheless, that the cutting away may begin at a certain time."

THE great National Republican Convention of 1860 approached. An immense "wigwam" had been built in Chicago, and on May 16th of that year, the greatest convention ever assembled met there, in that building.

Lincoln was the choice of Illinois, Seward of New York, for President. Then there were Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, Simeon Cameron of Pennsylvania and Edward Bates of Missouri.

"Abraham Lincoln, the Rail Candidate," was the contribution from the Illinois members.

Mr. Lincoln, though he said he had swung the axe and split rails from the time he was seven until he was twenty-one, never bragged about it. He knew too well that, because a man could split rails, he was not, therefore, necessarily fit to be President of the United States. On the contrary, he felt too painfully his early lack of education.

When told that the people were talking of making him President, he said, "They ought to select someone who knows more than I do."

However, this sobriquet had great power with the people, and "Honest Abe, the Rail Splitter,"

whose text was the Declaration of Independence and whose chart was the Constitution of the United States, was unanimously nominated at this convention, and elected the following November.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

William Jennings Bryan has truly said, "Lincoln owed his greatness and his influence to his oratory." It was the debates with Douglas that brought him into national prominence. And now we find him at the Helm of the Ship of State, which he is to guide through the wildest storm the nation has ever known—through calumny and deceit of foes, and stubborn, unyielding prejudice of apparent friends, and the antagonism of the press. Yet he held the compass steady and guided the ship through its most tempestuous waters.

He said once to his critics:

"I am doing the best I can. If Blondin were crossing the Mississippi on a tight rope, with a load on his back, would you all call out to him, 'Blondin, stand up straighter; Blondin, lean to the left; Blondin, go faster?' No, you would all hold your breath until he had reached the other side."

Certain it is that Lincoln now began to exercise the rich resources of diplomacy, caution and far vision for which people little gave him credit, but they soon began to see and know that in his quiet, unpretentious way, he held the reins of government and not any other man.

When Mrs. Lincoln said to him one day, "The people say Seward is running the government," he replied, "Well, I may not run it myself, but certainly no other man will. My only master will be my Maker."

His farewell address to his friends and neighbors as he left Springfield for his inaugural, showed his

reliance upon this spirit. The people at the time were disappointed that he did not commit himself to some National Policy, but time has revealed the wisdom of it, and has also placed this speech with the Gettysburg address, as one of the classics of the language.

"Here," he said, "I have lived for a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one of them lies buried.

"I now leave, not knowing whether I shall ever return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington.

"Without the assistance of that Divine Being, who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

AT this time, seven of the slave holding states had left the Union, and he indeed had problems before him. When he stepped forward to make his Inaugural Address, March 4th, 1861, people remarked on his appearance. To please a little girl who asked him to let his whiskers grow and make himself "better looking," the short, bristly, black hair was sprouting over chin and cheeks. He wore the proverbial black Prince Albert coat, and black silk high hat and carried a cane.

Judge Taney, who had rendered the Dred Scott decision, conducted him into office. (He who soon would render that decision null and void.)

As he stepped forward he seemed not to know what to do with his hat and cane.

At this, Stephen A. Douglas, his old friend and enemy (or opponent), who was near, sprang for-

ward and took them, saying, "I can at least hold his hat," and he did so throughout the ceremonies.

Lincoln said in part:

"The power confided in me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the Government," and speaking to Southerners, he said:

"My countrymen, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, are the momentous issues of civil war. The Government will not assail you unless you first assail it.

"You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Union, while I have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends."

FORT SUMTER, at the entrance to Charleston Harbor, was at this time in command of General Anderson. On April 9th, Lincoln sent provisions there for the garrison; notifying the Governor of South Carolina that he intended doing so.

It was now plain that he meant what he said in his Inaugural: "The power confided in me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the Government."

But South Carolina had determined that the garrison should not even be kept from starvation, and on April 12th the fort was bombarded until it fell.

Three days later, Lincoln called for 75,000 troops. The North was aflame and the men came in so rapidly that soon the number swelled to 92,000 men.

The railroads now began to be destroyed in Maryland, and Washington was in a sad plight; in danger both of invasion and of famine.

But slowly the troops came marching in. *There were soldiers to defend the Capitol.*

The regular army was at this time only 16,000 men. Lincoln ordered it increased by twenty-seven regiments. Soon there were 310,000 volunteers enlisted for three years.

The next thing was to care for them properly. This was a problem.

"Preparedness" seemed to be a word not yet born into the vocabulary of American political economy.

All through January, February and March, the Confederates had been laying up ammunition right under the noses of the Union officers.

Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas were slave-holding states, but had not seceded. When they were called upon to furnish their quota of men, however, they joined the others, making eleven seceding states.

The states of Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri were all slave-holding states, but they did not secede. They were called the border states. The western part of Virginia was mountainous and not adapted to slave labor, and so West Virginia was now formed into a state and joined the Union.

In the mountainous regions further south, many people were loyal, and about 100,000 of them fought for the Union, showing that the principle of secession lay pretty close to the purse-strings.

Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy, was a man of imperious temper. He had, in line with his ambition, long been strengthening the prejudice and the power of the Southern States. preparatory to a separation. It can be truly said that he inaugurated the war.

(Not to do Jefferson Davis an injustice I will say that there are people who disagree with this, and

think that he was urged into the war by Yancey, Rhett, Toombs and others.

The Vice-President of the Confederacy, Alexander H. Stephens, was of very different character, morally, intellectually and patriotically. He said in a speech in Georgia, "What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? When we of the South demanded the slave trade, or the importation of Africans for the cultivation of our lands, did they not yield the right for twenty years?

"When we asked a three-fifths representation in Congress for our slaves, was it not granted? When we asked the return of fugitive slaves, was it not given by the 'Fugitive Slave Law'?"

AH, yes! How well Lincoln, too, knew that the North was as much to blame as the South for slavery! And now were the dogs of war let loose! And the "sins of the fathers" were about to be "visited upon the children."

We cannot take up in this flashlight of Lincoln the details of this awful family strife. Jefferson Davis declared "Cotton is King" and fully expected the sympathy of England, because her manufacturing interests depended upon receiving the raw cotton from the South to make into cloth.

The North knew their policy was to close the Southern ports to foreign trade, and gain control of the Mississippi River.

At first the victories were altogether with the South, and the Man at the Helm found difficulty in securing the right generals.

He had appointed in his cabinet men, regardless of party, whom he thought he needed. Four of them, Seward, Chase, Cameron and Bates, had been

his rivals for the Presidency. When his friends remonstrated, he said, "These gentlemen have the confidence of their several states, and I need them," and he said to them, "Let us forget ourselves and join hands like brothers to save the Republic. If we succeed there will be glory enough for all."

Yet Lincoln at first had little sympathy and co-operation from his cabinet. They all thought they knew more than he and they placed little trust in him.

But they did not know this "Master of Men." Those far-seeing eyes read right straight through them into the Beyond. His kindness they mistook for incompetency, his calmness for indifference. Besides this, Lincoln found that Western Europe, if not openly hostile, was indifferently cool. But the great heart of the people had been aroused, and he felt its beat in the song,

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand strong."

and to the people his great heart responded.

ISAAC N. ARNOLD says: "At the moment of extremest peril, when the son of the western pioneer, whom the people had chosen for their Chief Magistrate, was confronted by the dangers which gathered around his country; when his great, honest soul bowed itself to God, and, simple as a child, in deepest supplication, asked His guidance and blessing; at this hour, from no crowned head, from no aristocratic ruler abroad, came any word of sympathy; but those proud rulers could coarsely jest at his uncouth figure, his uncourtly bearing.

"'The great Republic is no more! Democracy is a rope of sand,' they said.

"But the Almighty answered that prayer. He joined the hearts and linked the hands of the Amer-

ican people and their President together, and from that hour the needle does not more quickly point to the polar influence than did Lincoln to the highest and God-inspired impulses of a great people."

Nearly two hundred graduates from West Point deserted and went over to the South; and yet among officers born in the seceding states, many of the best were loyal, Scott and Thomas, Meade and Farragut, among many others.

In May, 1861, three negroes came into General Butler's camp, saying they had escaped from working on the enemy's fortifications. General Butler held them as he would any horse, cow or dog belonging to the enemy, as contraband of war, and set them to work on his own fortifications. This position was worth as much as a battle won.

While McClellan said to them (the South), "Not only will we abstain from all interference with your slaves, but we will with an iron hand crush any attempt at insurrection on their part."

THE Great Man in the White House had not only to guide these generals of his, with all their diametrically opposite methods, but Congress, his Cabinet, and his diplomatic relations with other countries, and, above all, he had to consider the people of the Border States, who, though owning slaves, still remained with the Union.

These people he wished to conciliate and hold. He knew that any overt acts on the part of his generals toward slavery would antagonize these Border States, and that their fifty thousand bayonets, now in the Union cause, would be turned against the Union.

When General Fremont in Missouri freed all the slaves in his military district, Lincoln called him to account and promptly stated that it was only by Act of Congress that slaves could be freed, and that the war was not against slavery, but against secession. That the war was being waged to maintain and uphold the Constitution and the Government. He had to take the same course with General Hunter, Commander of the Department of the South, who had issued an order freeing all the slaves in his department.

It was a difficult matter for the Chief Executive to steer an even course between the demands of the Abolitionists on one hand and the criticism of the "pro-slavery sympathizers on the other.

He was so overwhelmed with office seekers from the moment of and before his Inauguration, that one day when he was particularly beset, the White House physician being present, he said, "Doctor, I have a breaking out all over me. What do you suppose it is?"

The doctor replied, "I think it must be vario-
loid."

"Oh, well," he responded, "tell all the office seekers to come and see me now, for I have something I can give them."

Once a delegation of prohibitionists came and said that the reason the North did not win was because the soldiers drank whisky, and so brought the curse of the Lord upon them.

With a twinkle in his eye, Lincoln said he "considered that very unfair of the Lord, for the Southerners drank much worse whisky and a great deal more of it."

The first year of the war was a series of victories for the South.

LINCOLN called the Representatives of the Border States together and urged and fairly begged them to allow the Government to purchase their slaves.

He said that the cost of the war for one-half a day would buy all the slaves in Delaware at \$400 apiece.

He argued that if the Border States would do this, it would settle the question with the seceding states. That they would not only give up all hope of the Border States joining the Confederacy, but the example set would undoubtedly be followed by one and then another as they saw the wisdom of it, until the Confederacy would vanish away.

Congress finally passed a law to this effect, that is, that the Government would pay for all the slaves, *but the Border States would not hear to it.* Their contention was that the war was against disunion, and not against slavery.

This, too, was Lincoln's position, though no man hated slavery worse than he. But it was the enforcement of the Constitution that gave him the legal ground upon which to stand in the prosecution of the war.

At the same time, he sent a special message to Congress, saying:

"That the United States ought to co-operate with any state which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such states pecuniary aid, to be used by such state, in its discretion, to compensate for the inconvenience, public and private, by such change of system."

He then sent word to the South, saying:

"This resolution was adopted by large majorities in both Houses of Congress, and stands as an authentic, definite and solemn proposal of the Nation. This proposal makes common cause for a common

object, casting no reproach upon any. Will you not embrace it?

"May the vast future not have to lament that you have neglected it!"

Thus did the great Chief Executive plead with the South, as a father pleads with disobedient children.

At this time all the slaves in the District of Columbia were purchased by the Government for \$1,000,000 and other considerations; and Mr. Lincoln saw the resolutions he had laid before Congress twenty-odd years before, put into operation.

ON July 4th, 1861, Lincoln sent this message to Congress, called in special session:

"Much is said about the sovereignty of states; but the word even is not in the National Constitution, nor, as is believed, in any of the State Constitutions.

"What is sovereignty, in the political use of the term?

"Would it be wrong to define it as 'a political community without a political superior'? Tested by this, no one of our States, except Texas, ever was a sovereignty, and even Texas gave up the character in coming into the Union; *by which act she acknowledged the Constitution of the United States, and the laws and treaties of the United States, made in pursuance of the Constitution, to be for her the supreme law of the land.*

"The States have their status in the Union, and they have no other legal status. If they break from this, they can only do so against law and by revolution.

"The Union, and not themselves separately, procured their independence and their liberty.

"By conquest or purchase, the Union gave each of them whatever of independence or liberty it has.

"The Union is older than any of the States, and, in fact, it created them as States.

"Originally, some dependent colonies made the Union, and in return the Union threw off their old dependence for them, and made them States.

"Not one of them ever had a State Constitution, independent of the Union.

"Of course, it is not forgotten that all the new States framed their Constitutions before they entered the Union, nevertheless, dependent upon and preparatory to coming into the Union.

"What is now combatted is the position that secession is consistent with the Constitution—is lawful and peaceful. It is not contended that there is any express law for it, and nothing should ever be implied as law which leads to unjust or absurd consequences. The nation purchased with money the countries out of which several of these States were formed. Is it just that they should go off without leave or refunding? The Nation paid very large sums, in the aggregate, I believe, nearly a hundred million, to relieve Florida of the aboriginal tribes.

"Is it just that she shall now be off without consent, or without making any return? A part of the present national debt was contracted to pay the old debts of Texas. Is it just that she should leave and pay no part of this herself?

"If one State may secede, so may another, and when all have seceded, none is left to pay the debts.

"Is this quite just to creditors? Did we notify them of this sage view of ours when we borrowed their money?

"The principle itself is one of distintegration, and upon which no Government can possibly endure.

“Our popular government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have already settled—the successful establishing and the successful administering of it.

“One still remains—its successful maintenance against a formidable internal attempt to overthrow it. It is now for them to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election, can also suppress a rebellion; that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets; and that when ballots have fairly and peacefully decided, there can be no successful appeal back to bullets.

“Such will be a great lesson of peace, teaching men that what they cannot take by an election, neither can they take by war.”

Lincoln always tried to make everything he said and wrote plain, simple and clear, so that all the people would understand it. Once when one of his Cabinet spoke of changing his wording, he said, “Well, I guess *the people will understand it.*”

AND now he, above all others, knew only too well what was coming.

The stubbornness of the conflict—the impetuous determination of the Abolitionists of the North—the proud spirit of superiority in the South, and its relentless determination to break the Union, were pushing him forward toward a step that he dreaded above all to take.

Horace Greeley, the brilliant editor of the New York Tribune, was particularly bitter because he was taking time to weigh the matter. To all the attacks made upon him this man said never a word. When remonstrated with for his silence, he replied, “What good will it do? If I succeed, my course will be vindicated; if I do not succeed, ten thousand

angels could not convince them that I had done right."

But to one public letter from Horace Greeley, he replied:

"August 22nd, 1862.

Hon. Horace Greeley.

Dear Sir:

I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the New York Tribune.

If there be in it any statements, or assumptions of fact which I know to be erroneous, I do not here and now controvert them.

If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them.

If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy 'I seem to be pursuing,' as you say, I have not meant to leave anyone in doubt.

I would save the Union

I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution.

The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be the *Union as it was*.

If there be those who would not save the Union, unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them.

If there be those who would not save the Union, unless at the same time they would destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object in this struggle is to *save the Union*, and is not to save or destroy slavery.

If I could save the Union without freeing a slave, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

I shall do less whenever I believe that what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause.

I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish, that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours,

"A. LINCOLN."

While Abraham Lincoln was writing this letter to Horace Greeley, he had the Emancipation Proclamation carefully penned and laid away. But the time had not yet come.

Just about this time, a delegation of clergymen called upon him, urging him to take this step. After listening to their arguments, he said:

"I do not want to issue a document that the whole world will see must be inoperative, like the 'Pope's Bull against the Comet.' I have not decided *against* a proclamation of liberty to the slaves, but hold the matter under advisement. *Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I will do.*"

And so this quiet, positive, undemonstrative man, who carefully weighed every act of his executive office, was resting his case, the act which he knew would wreck the Southern States, upon the *Spirit of Truth, which always guided him.*

And now what was being done in the army!

Disaster after disaster seemed to follow the Federal troops. The South was in command of able men. Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, "Stonewall" Jackson, and many other brave and able men were on the Confederate side. Both Lee and John-

ston disapproved at first of the war, but went with their states when they seceded.

They seemed invincible foes. In the midst of these depressing events, the South sent a couple of Commissioners (Mason and Slidell) to England and France for the purpose of securing aid. They escaped the blockade at Charleston and took passage on the British mail steamer, Trent, from Havana. Captain Wilkes, of the United States war vessel, San Jacinto, stopped the Trent, took off Mason and Slidell and confined them in Fort Warren in Boston Harbor.

The North rang with plaudits for Captain Wilkes. But there was a man in the White House who not only wanted to keep peace with threatening England, but who remembered that we had declared war upon England in 1812 for the very thing that we ourselves had now done. So in spite of protests, in spite of anathemas that were heaped upon him, this anxious, iron-willed man, who always stood for the right, apologized and delivered up the men to the British. Even this victory therefor seemed a defeat, but it was not. It was a victory for right, and saved war with England.

ABOUT this time the iron-clad Merrimac was set afloat to break the blockade.

On March 8th, 1862, this iron-clad steamed into Hampton Roads. The American vessels poured broadside after broadside upon her, but the balls all rebounded from her slanting impenetrable sides. She rammed her iron beak into the Cumberland and sank her, then turned to the Congress and set her afire and forced her to surrender.

The blockade at Norfolk was broken!

The Merrimac expected to complete her work the following day.

The North was in consternation! But, behold, with tomorrow came a surprise. A queer looking craft came into those waters. She had a revolving turret, carrying two powerful guns, and an iron plated deck almost level with the water. It was Ericsson's "Monitor," and the launching of the Monitor was due to Abraham Lincoln, who was the first and only man who encouraged Ericsson, and urged that money be supplied to construct it. It had been built with desperate energy, hoping to be ready as soon as the Merrimac.

The next morning the Merrimac steered boldly out to finish her work, but the Monitor steered boldly toward the Merrimac. A duel of more than three hours ensued. The Merrimac had met her match, and withdrew, badly damaged. The little Monitor had saved the Union!

THE generals on land offered all sorts of excuses for defeat.

"Oh, I see!" remarked the astute President. "We whipped the enemy and then ran away from him."

Explanations did not satisfy. What the Commander-in-Chief wanted was to repair the disasters.

Someone asked him how many men he thought were in a certain division of the Confederacy.

"1,200,000," he replied.

"That can hardly be possible," was the rejoinder.

"Oh, yes, our Generals all say the enemy outnumbered them in each battle, three to one, and we have four hundred thousand men." This sense of humor was, as Mr. Lincoln said, the only thing which kept him from breaking.

During the four long hazardous years, when he was tried almost beyond endurance, by disaffection among members of his Cabinet, censure, criticism,

ridicule that was barbaric in its rudeness and ignorance, this Master of Men held his peace and kept his heart in the right place and his faith firm as the Rock of Gibraltar, not only by his trust in the Guidance of the Spirit, but by reading everything humorous that he could find. He kept the writings of Petroleum V. Nasby always near him and sometimes read them to his Cabinet.

McClellan was supposed to take Richmond, but he didn't. He just hung around and wouldn't move.

Lincoln remonstrated and urged him to go forward—then McClellan was discourteous. The country noticed this. But Lincoln, ever forgetful of self, said, "I will hold McClellan's horse for him, if he will only bring us victory."

Once he said, "If McClellan doesn't want to use the army for a few days, I'd like to borrow it, and see if it cannot be made to do something."

Mr. Lincoln studied the strategy of war, with the thoroughness with which he had always mastered any difficult task, and he laid before Congress a plan of campaign which would have shortened the war very materially. But Congress would not adopt it.

Finally, McClellan defeated Lee at Antietam, September 17th, 1862.

Lincoln now called his Cabinet together and said:

"I had determined that as soon as the Rebel forces were driven out of Maryland, I would issue the "Proclamation of Emancipation." This act was to take place January 1st, 1863. There was no exultation in his heart. He said, "I can only trust in God that I have done right."

He spent the time between September 18th and January 1st, urging the Border States, urging Congress, urging everybody, to accept a measure which

he had carefully worked out to emancipate by purchasing the slaves.

He said: Substantially to the Border States:

"Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We, of this Congress and this administration, will be remembered in spite of ourselves. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation.

We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows that we do know how to save it.

We, even we here, hold the power and bear the responsibility.

In giving freedom to the slaves, we assure freedom to the free; honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve.

We shall honorably save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth.

Other means *may* succeed. This *could not* fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just. A way, which if followed, the world will ever applaud, and God must forever bless."

But the Border States would not heed, and the measure to purchase their slaves was defeated by their own votes.

ALL this time the country was clamoring for McClellan to be removed. He neither followed up his victory at Antietam, nor would he make a move against Richmond, which was the most important step now. McClellan was a wonderful organizer and immensely popular with his men. The President, with his inexhaustible patience, wanted to give him every chance. Not only this, but he knew only too well, that the moment he removed

him, his friends, those who were now opposing the Emancipation Proclamation, would spring up around him like Ezekiel's army, in the "Valley of dry bones."

The President, with his prophetic vision, read the future correctly, as was seen in the next presidential campaign, when McClellan was nominated for President and one of the planks in the platform of his party was, "The war is a failure." McClellan seemed to be doing nothing now to prevent that failure.

At last, Mr. Lincoln relieved him from command. But who should take his place? He took General Hooker, but still there was defeat. Then Meade was put at the head, and on July 3rd, defeated Lee at Gettysburg. But Meade, in turn let Lee escape across the Potomac, after his victory.

It seemed impossible to induce any General to follow up a victory. Why? Was it not largely because of untrained service, inadequate care for the wounded, and the consequent horribleness in the reaction after every great battle?

Both North and South took their raw, unhardened boys and men, and hurled them at each other. The suffering on both sides was awful and unforgivable. If nations are going to fight, let them train fighters, and not take boys from the counting-house and peaceful farm lands, from their studies and from every other employment. Let them train brutes as they train prize-fighters, and set them at it! It is brutal, savage, demoralizing business, and no wonder the men deserted!

How well he, who was the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy knew this, and how his heart bled for these poor boys!

The army never forgot his hearty handshake, and his fervent "God bless you."

His acts of mercy and sympathy were so many, that the Generals complained that he ruined their discipline. But the poor boy under twenty, some only seventeen, never failed of his leniency, could he be reached.

They called him "Father Abraham." And on one poor boy that was shot to death was found the words, "*God bless Abraham Lincoln.*"

This boy, William Scott, by name, had been pardoned. He had agreed to do double picket duty to help a friend. It was too much. He was found asleep at his post, and ordered shot, but his mother appealed to Lincoln—he wrote: "*Let this woman have her son.*" The son was saved only to die like a true soldier, later.

To the sick and the wounded both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were especially kind. Mrs. Lincoln sent barrels and barrels of delicacies from the White House larder, and many kind messages. The wounded Confederate soldiers shared in these acts of kindness, and they looked upon Lincoln as "a true gentleman."

He abhorred the death penalty for desertion, but trickery, deceit, frauds, any absolute wickedness, he had little mercy for.

THE Emancipation Proclamation caused severe criticism from Southern sympathizers in the North, who thought Lincoln had no right to issue it. These people urged many a man to desert.

"Must I shoot a simple-minded boy for deserting, while I must not touch a hair of the wily agitator who induces him to desert?" Lincoln asked.

Then there was the mortal homesickness.

"If the man has no friends, I'll be his friend," was the motto of the Commander-in-Chief.

And yet the war *had* to proceed. During this time there was a little man in the Western Division, who said little, but did much. Lincoln watched him. He captured Forts Donelson and Henry near the mouth of the Tennessee River.

His method was, "No terms except unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." While other officers complained, this man said nothing. There were complaints against him.

"I can't spare this man," said Lincoln. "*He fights.*"

"He drinks," they said.

"Tell me the brand of liquor," said the harassed but ever ready-witted President," and I'll send a barrel to some of my other generals."

Finally, in July, 1862, when Halleck was called to Washington, as Commander-in-Chief, this man Grant was put at the head of the Western Division. The opening of the Mississippi was now the important thing in the West, the capture of Richmond in the East.

Then the President sent Charles A. Dana, the brilliant young newspaper man to see what Grant was doing. He wrote back, "Grant is a General whom nothing can turn from a purpose."

Then Vicksburg was taken on the same day with Gettysburg.

Grant was too busy to write about it, and asked Dana to do it for him. Soon after, he saved East Tennessee, by driving the enemy from the mountains, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge (battles of Chattanooga and Chickamauga). With him were the gallant Rosecrans, Thomas, and Garfield.

Grant was summoned to Washington. "What was wanted?"

"Take Richmond," the President replied.

THEN the President called for more troops. Chicago sent a delegation to protest against sending more men. Lincoln showed this delegation that he could be bitter on occasion, as well as firm.

"After Boston," he said to them, "Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing about this war on the country. It is you who are largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until we had it. You called for emancipation, and I have given it to you. Whatever you asked for, you have had, and now you come here, begging to be let off from furnishing the quota of men necessary to prosecute the war which you yourselves have brought about.

"And you, Medill," turning to the editor, "you and your Chicago Tribune have had more influence than any paper in the North in making this war.

"You can influence great masses, and *yet you cry to be spared when your cause is suffering. Go home and send us those men.*" And they did.

THE battle of Gettysburg was a hard fought battle and many brave men fell upon that field. A part of this field was afterward set apart as a National Cemetery, dedicated to these heroes.

The nineteenth of November following the battle, at the dedication of this cemetery, the President spoke the following words, which have been fittingly called,

"A PERFECT TRIBUTE."

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers
brought forth upon this Continent

A New Nation

Conceived in Liberty and dedicated to the propo-
sition that

All men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing
whether that nation; or any Nation so conceived
and so dedicated,

Can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war.
We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final
resting place of those who here

Gave their lives
that

That nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should
do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we
cannot consecrate—we cannot

Hallow this ground.

The brave men, living and dead, who struggled
here have consecrated it far

beyond our Power to add, or detract.

The world will little note, nor long remember,
what we say here, but it can

Never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living rather, to be dedicated here
to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly
carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated
to the great task remaining before us,

That from these honored dead, we take increased
devotion to that cause for which they here gave the
last full measure of devotion.

That we here highly resolve that these dead
Shall not have died in vain;

That this Nation, shall under God, have a
New birth of Freedom;
and that
*Government of the people, by the people and for
the people, shall not perish from the Earth."*

THE door-keepers of the White House, had orders that no matter how great the throng, Lincoln would always see anyone who had a petition for saving life.

One day, the Hon. Thaddeus Stephens called with a lady whose son had been ordered shot.

After listening patiently to the story, Lincoln wrote a pardon. Her gratitude was so great that she could not speak.

Going down the steps, she stopped and exclaimed, "I knew it was a Copperhead lie!"

"What do you mean, Madame?" said Mr. Stephens.

"Why, they told me he was an ugly looking man. I think he is the handsomest man I ever saw in my life."

Mr. D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nesby) of whose writings Lincoln was so fond, said:

"Those who accused Lincoln of frivolity, never knew him. I never saw a more thoughtful face. I never saw a more dignified face. I never saw so sad a face.

He had humor, of which he was entirely unconscious, but it was not frivolity. He said wonderfully witty things, but not from any desire to be witty.

He never cared how he made a point, so long as he made it, and he never told a story for the mere purpose of telling it.

It was always to illustrate or drive home some truth. He was a master of satire, but it was always

kindly, except when aimed at some horrible injustice. Then it was terrible. Intentional wickedness he never spared."

Lincoln said, "Perhaps I have too little resentment, but I never thought it paid. *A man has no time to spend half his life in quarrels.*"

WHEN he appointed Stanton Secretary of War, it was not because he wanted him, but because the country needed him.

Stanton had been fairly brutal in his speech and conduct toward Mr. Lincoln. And it was Stanton who so ignored him that hot summer day in Cincinnati, as was noticed at first in this flashlight:

"We may have to treat him," said the President, "as they sometimes are obliged to treat a Methodist minister I know of out West. He gets wrought up to such a pitch of excitement in his prayers, that they are obliged to put bricks in his pockets to keep him down. We may have to serve Stanton that way, but I guess we'll let him jump a while first."

Absolutely unperturbed, the President was sure of managing, or at least of not being managed by Stanton.

"I have faith in such men," said Mr. Lincoln. "They stand between the nation and perdition."

He seemed to have made some arrangement with Stanton, whereby he would not as a rule over-ride his decisions.

Judge Baldwin, of California, wanted a pass through the lines to see his brother in Virginia. There seemed no good reason not to grant it, as he was a good Union man.

"Have you applied to General Halleck," asked the President.

"Yes," answered the Judge, "and met with a flat refusal."

"Then you must see Stanton."

"I have, with the same result."

"Well, then, I can do nothing," said the President, with a smile, "for you must know I have very little influence in this administration."

The President's patience was illustrated when Congressman Lovejoy called with some others to arrange a mingling of Eastern and Western troops for the purpose of promoting a feeling of national unity.

Mr. Lincoln approved of the plan and wrote a note to his Secretary of War.

Mr. Stanton refused to carry it out.

"But we have the President's order, sir," said Mr. Lovejoy.

"Did Lincoln give you an order of that kind?" asked the Secretary.

"He did, sir."

"Then he's a damned fool."

"Do you mean to say the President is a damned fool?" asked the Congressman, in amazement.

"Yes, sir, if he gave you an order like that."

Mr. Lovejoy reported this to the President.

"Did Stanton say I was a damned fool?"

"He did, sir, and repeated it."

"If Stanton said I was a damned fool," concluded Mr. Lincoln, "then I must be one, for he is nearly always right and generally says what he means. I will step over and see him."

The President did this, and the matter was quickly adjusted.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lincoln, on one occasion, "it is my duty to submit. I cannot add to Mr. Stanton's troubles. His position is one of the most difficult in the world."

"Thousands in the army blame him because they are not promoted, and other thousands out of the army blame him because they are not appointed.

"The pressure upon him is immeasurable and unending.

"He is the rock on the beach of our national ocean, against which the breakers dash and roar without ceasing.

"He fights back the angry waters and prevents them from undermining and overwhelming the land.

"Gentlemen, I do not see how he survives. Why he is not crushed and torn to pieces.

"Without him I should be destroyed. He performs his task superhumanly.

"Now do not mind this matter, for Mr. Stanton is right, and I cannot wrongly interfere with him."

Thus did Abraham Lincoln generously laud the man who heretofore had never ceased to bitterly criticise him, tho he had generously appointed Stanton to the (at that time) most important position in his Cabinet. Self did not enter into Lincoln's calculations.

Edwin M. Stanton was as true as a die, but he had a high temper, strong personal likes and dislikes, and no sense of humor.

Lincoln could not look upon the Confederate soldiers with the bitter feeling exhibited by Stanton.

Many of these wished to be discharged from prison upon taking the oath of allegiance to the Union; and it was only by the most tactful methods that Mr. Lincoln could induce Mr. Stanton to sign an order for their discharge, but by such means the Secretary would respond:

"Mr. President:

Your order for the discharge of any prisoners of war, will be cheerfully and promptly obeyed."

And so the "Master of Men" handled this most difficult man, and gained whatever it was his purpose to gain.

THERE is but one contingency that can cause your defeat for a second term," one of Lincoln's friends said to him about this time (1863), "and that is Grant's capture of Richmond and his nomination for the Presidency."

"Well," replied Mr. Lincoln, shrewdly, "I feel about that very much as the man felt who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had to die, that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."

IN an address at the Sanitary Fair, Baltimore, April 18, 1864, Lincoln said:

"The world has never had a good definition of the word 'Liberty,' and the American people are, just now, in much need of one.

"We all declare for 'Liberty,' but in using the same word, we do not mean the same thing.

"With some the word 'Liberty' may mean for each man to do as he pleases with himself and the products of his labor; while with others, the same word may mean for some men to do as they please with other men, and the products of other men's labor.

"Here are two, not only different, but incompatible things, called by the same name 'Liberty.'

"And it follows that each of these things is, by respective parties, called by two different and incompatible names—Liberty and Tyranny.

"The shepherd drives the wolf from the sheep's throat, for which the sheep thanks the shepherd, as his liberator, while the wolf denounces him for the

same act, as the destroyer of liberty. (Especially as the sheep was a black one.)

"Plainly the sheep and the wolf are not agreed upon the word 'Liberty.' "

AS in Lincoln's day, so today, it is the question—Liberty—that confronts us.

The things that come out into the open can be met and fought, but the things that are hidden away in dark places are a harder matter to fight.

In the late world war, it seemed as though the flood gates of Hell had been opened, and they are not yet entirely closed. There are hellish plots now slinking into dark corners, because they can not stand the light. They are grinning with wicked leers, waiting the opportune moment to strangle our fair Goddess "Liberty."

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

It was this "Eternal Vigilance," of which people never dreamed, which aged the care-worn, uncommunicative Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy—the man in the White House who was trying to keep the Ship of State from going on the rocks.

While the press was cartooning the President, and bringing its every line to bear upon a "Change of Administration," while he was being lampooned for not bringing to justice the perpetrators of the New York Draft Riots, what was happening?

THIS sketch would not be complete unless the light flashed into these hidden, iniquitous by-paths, filled with terror unsuspected.

The reason that Mr. Lincoln kept quiet about the New York Riots was because at that time

throughout the North (as early as the summer of 1863) there were treasonable organizations being formed, under the names of "The Sons of Liberty," Knights of the "Golden Circle," and others, the object of which was the disruption of the North.

They had their agents in Canada. Lincoln knew of this and was quietly investigating.

He did not want to stir up this hornet's nest, and have two rebellions on his hands.

General Rosecrans made a full discovery of this conspiracy in February, 1864, soon after he was placed in command of the Department of Missouri.

His spies joined the order, were admitted to its secret conclaves, and they ascertained that it was a gigantic organization, spreading over the Western states.

The Commanders were C. L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, and General Sterling Price, of Missouri. It was a military organization, and claimed a membership of 500,000, pledged to "take up arms against any Government found waging war against a people endeavoring to establish a government of their own choice."

They were in co-operation with Confederate troops, which were to come from Canada as well as from the South.

There was a concerted plan to liberate all Confederate prisoners at Camp Douglas, Camp Morton, Johnson's Island, etc., supplying arms which were secretly brought in. There was a vast plot to burn Chicago, wrap the West in flames, separate the East from the West and win for the South.

The story of how this diabolical plan involving universal death and distress was prevented is most thrilling.

Colonel Maurice Langhorn's statement regarding the part he played in "scotching the snake and kill-

ing it," as Lincoln called it, is in Johns Hopkins University. There is not room to say more here, but in Mr. James R. Gilmore's *Recollections of Mr. Lincoln*, there is a very full and thrilling account of it.

Reference has already been made to the secret mission of Colonel J. F. Jacquess, to the Confederate leaders. He went as a messenger of the Almighty, and it was Lincoln's mystical reliance and hold upon the Unseen, which gave him faith in this mission of Jacquess'.

By almost a miracle, he reached the Confederate leaders and gained much valuable information, though he did not attain his object.

He wanted to go again, and this time Lincoln persuaded Mr. James R. Gilmore to accompany him, and take proposals to Jefferson Davis to end the war.

These proposals were private and confidential, and Mr. Gilmore made them as coming from Mr. Lincoln, but not authoritatively. They were, in part, these:

"4th. All acts of secession to be regarded as nullities; and the late rebellious states to be treated as though they had never attempted to secede from the Union.

"5th. The sum of \$5,000,000 in United States stock to be issued, and divided between the late slave states, emancipated by my proclamation. This sum to be divided among the late slave owners, equally and equitably, at the rate of one-half the value of their slaves in the year 1860, and if any surplus should remain, it to be returned to the United States Treasury."

Had these terms to Mr. Davis been accepted, the South would have come out of the war in much better shape than the North, and the long and ter-

rible years of reconstruction would have been avoided.

But Jefferson Davis would have none of it. It was Independence, or fight it out.

This was the last offer made by Mr. Lincoln, and showed the unresentful generosity of his heart.

When Mr. Gilmore returned after the hazardous trip, he spread the views of Mr. Davis out fully in the Press. The news went like wildfire through the North, and from the people—the Great People—despite the ambitious leaders of factions, a cry went up for the *re-election of Abraham Lincoln, as President of the United States.*

UPON being congratulated upon his renomination, Lincoln said:

“I do not allow myself to suppose that either the Convention or the League has concluded that I am either the greatest or the best man in America, but rather they have concluded ‘not to swap horses while crossing the river.’”

This maxim of Lincoln’s has become a part of every-day speech.

With the support of Meade and Hancock, Grant was now so firmly entrenched about Richmond that it was impossible for the forces of the South to dislodge him—and the war was nearly over and my brief story is nearly told.

What has been written is for those who *think*, but have not time to peruse long volumes.

If history is what Voltaire calls it, “A lie which men agree to call the truth,” then, indeed, is the life of any Great Man, in the light of example, most futile.

I have gleaned from innumerable books on Abraham Lincoln, the facts which, to me, stand out as

flashlights upon his character, his influence, his force in welding this nation into

ONE POWERFUL UNION.

Many incidents are necessarily omitted, but what is herein stated are *facts*, not *fiction*.

I have had three dominant ideas in mind while writing, and if they have been made clear, you must have observed that they were—partly: *Lincoln's absolute knowledge of, and thorough acquaintance with, all public documents.*

It was this thoroughness which made him always from young boyhood *the Master*.

He was very, very shy when a child. He seemed to feel his awkwardness and his poor attire, for of all the boys, he was clothed the worst. He did not at one time during that short school period of less than a year, join in the sports with others, but stood bashfully apart.

One day, however, the bully of the crowd grabbed him and engaged him in a fight. The boy "Abe," then as always, downed his antagonist, and thereafter was looked upon as a "good fellow," for his physical as well as his mental strength.

The same thing happened after he went to New Salem at twenty-one, when he treated John Armstrong, another bully, like a "will o' the wisp," and afterward was a devoted friend of the family, saving a brother from the gallows, when he practiced law.

He was a true American because he *knew what it meant to be a true American.*

He was thoroughly imbued with the heroic spirit of those who made the nation. He saw things from their outlook, to which was added the experience of after events of which he had a perfect knowledge. To this knowledge he added the mastery of character.

He said in an address in Springfield, as far back as 1837, just after he had been admitted to the bar:

"Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the character of his own and his children's liberty.

"Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe who prattles on her lap.

"Let it be taught in the schools, in seminaries and colleges.

"Let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs.

"Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in the Courts of justice.

"In short, let it become the political religion of the nation, and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."

WHO shall say that Abraham Lincoln did not live up to this standard which, at the age of twenty-six, he set before his fellow citizens?

And although Abraham Lincoln said these words over eighty years ago, they hold just as true today. Circumstances may change, new difficulties may arise, enemies may be strange and different, but principles remain ever the same; and there never was a day in the varied trials of our Beloved Country when the sterling truths of Abraham Lincoln needed to be more carefully taught and rigidly enforced than today.

A MAXIM of this Master of Men was, "Truth is your truest friend, no matter what the circumstances are."

And once when he was asked by a politician to sign a questionable bill that a certain good object might result, he replied:

"You may torture my soul, you may burn my body, and scatter the ashes to the winds of Heaven, but you will never get me to subscribe to a measure which I know to be wrong, even if by doing so good may result."

This was Abraham Lincoln's character. It was high, clean and true. This is why people trusted him.

This is why his name will always stand out as *Great*—like that of Washington—before the nation.

HE WAS ABSOLUTELY TRUE.

Then there was that inner consciousness called *Conscience*. This is what made him true. *His conscience was king*, but more than this.

There was an indefinable something about it which no man can measure. A sensitiveness of soul, which made him keenly alive to vibrations, if I might use the term, from the Unseen World.

The sad death of his boy, Willie, in 1862, brought him in closer touch with this influence.

Walt Whitman said:

"The foundations of his character, more than any man's in history, were mystic and spiritual.

His manner was so simple that it would invite familiarity, yet something indefinable kept people at a distance, as in the presence of a Master.

HE was," says the *Spectator*, "above all things a *gentleman*. This he showed in the kindness exhibited toward his generals, when he either praised them or had some cause to blame them."

He never doubted himself or his mission. His serenity showed this.

No man can be serene who doubts himself. He had pride; *pride for the whole nation*, but no vanity.

It was Napoleon's vanity that was his undoing. Lincoln, like Washington, was entirely devoid of this vanity.

During the whole period that Chase was Secretary of the Treasury, he was conspiring for the Presidency. Lincoln knew this, but he was unperturbed by it.

"I am entirely indifferent to his success or failure in these schemes," he said, "so long as he does his duty at the head of the Treasury Department."

In connection with this, he related one of his "home-spun" stories to Henry J. Raymond, the editor.

"Raymond," he said, "you were brought up on a farm, and you know what a 'chin-fly' is. My brother and I were once plowing corn on a Kentucky farm, I driving the horse and he holding the plow. The horse was lazy, but upon one occasion rushed across the field so that I, with my long legs, could scarcely keep pace with him. On reaching the end of the furrow, I found an enormous chin-fly fastened upon him, and I knocked it off. My brother asked me what I did that for. I told him I didn't want the old horse bitten that way. 'Why,' said my brother, 'that was the only thing that made him go.'"

"Now if Mr. Chase has a presidential 'chin-fly' biting him, I'm not going to knock it off, if it will only make his department go."

Only a true *Master of Men* and *Master of Self* and only one who looked upon the Drama of Life, realizing that he was to play that part in the Drama, which had already been assigned to him by its Author, could be so calmly indifferent to the influences that were working to undermine his authority.

In his magnanimity, he afterward appointed Chase Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

All these qualities which came to him through the Unseen Power which ever guided and upheld him, were depicted upon that sad countenance. He had a most irresistible smile, and his voice, though trained away from a natural melodiousness by out-of-door speaking, was, nevertheless, full of feeling.

AS time passed, Lincoln became convinced that it was the purpose of the Almighty to cause the North and the South to suffer alike for slavery. This was evinced in that second Inaugural Address, wherein he shows the MAJESTY OF HIS TRUST IN A JUST GOD.

HE said: "Both (North and South) read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other.

"It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us 'judge not, that we be not judged.'

"The prayers of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully.

"The Almighty has his own plans and purposes.

"Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come. But woe unto that man by whom the offense cometh.

"If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses, which in the Providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom

the offense came, shall we discover therein any departure from those Divine attributes, which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him?

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away.

"Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in—to bind up the Nations' wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan.

"To do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and all nations."

Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist who painted Lincoln and his Cabinet about to sign the Emancipation Proclamation, says:

"A few days before the re-inauguration of Mr. Lincoln in 1865, this picture was temporarily placed in the rotunda of the Capitol.

"As the painting reached its position, a wandering sunbeam crept in from the top of the Great Dome, and settled full upon the head of Mr. Lincoln, leaving all the rest of the picture in the shadow.

"The effect was singular and wonderful. 'Look!' exclaimed R——, a policeman of the Capitol Squad, 'that is as it should be. God bless him! May the sun shine upon his head forever!'"

SHORTLY after this, the President decided to take a holiday, and took steamer for Grant's headquarters, at City Point, at the junction of the James and Appomatox Rivers.

Here Sherman came from Goldsboro, North Carolina, which place he had reached in his March to the Sea, from Atlanta, Georgia, to consult with the President and General Grant.

Both Generals thought the war about over, but agreed that there must be one more big battle. This Lincoln implored them to avoid, if possible. "No more bloodshed," he begged.

Richmond was now abandoned, and he went to view the remains. He started alone and unprotected, except for one or two friends, but Admiral Porter was in the Bay, and hearing of it, sent a body-guard to escort him.

He stepped into the house that had been Jefferson Davis' headquarters.

One day, going to Libby Prison, someone said, "Jefferson Davis ought to be shot."

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," Charles Sumner heard him say.

On April ninth, Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomatox, and the war was practically over.

The problem of reconstruction was now before the President. This was the object of his anxious solicitude. He offered pardon to all who would come back into the Government.

This was resented by the Legislature. They said he had not consulted them—that Rebels should be punished, not pardoned.

But Lincoln considered this "bad as the basis of controversy. Good for nothing at all. Merely a pernicious abstraction." "Finding themselves safely at home," he said, "it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad or not." He

plainly told his Cabinet that he would never be a party to any act of resentment. There had been enough bloodshed.

GOOD Friday morning come. It was on April fourteenth.

An order was sent out to stop the purchase of military supplies and to suspend the draft.

Early that morning, Ward Lamon, the United States Marshal of the District of Columbia, might be seen wending his way to the White House.

He had in his hand a request for the pardon of an old soldier who had been convicted of breaking an army regulation.

Upon gaining audience with the President, Mr. Lincoln turned to him and said, "Lamon, do you know how the Patagonians eat oysters?"

"No, I do not, Mr. Lincoln."

"Well, it is their habit to open them as fast as they can and throw the shells out of the window. When the pile of shells grows higher than the house, they pick up stakes and move on. Now, Lamon, I feel like beginning a new pile of pardons, and I guess this is a good one to begin on." This is the last of Mr. Lincoln's anecdotes that has been recorded.

Secretary Stanton said he had never seen Mr. Lincoln so happy and cheerful as on this day, and that he showed in a marked degree his humanity and tender, forgiving disposition. The indescribable sadness which was habitual, now gave way to a serenity that was very marked.

His form straightened and his eye grew bright. *His Life Purpose was accomplished.* The Stars and Stripes which just four years before had been torn from Fort Sumter, were today floating again in the

breeze. How thankful we are that the Man at the Helm lived to see that day!

IT was a Millennium Day.

The cry of the mourners was turning to gladness, for their dead had helped to save the Union.

The family at the White House was happy. Captain Robert Lincoln, then an aide on Grant's staff, was at home for the day. At the breakfast table, the President had Robert E. Lee's picture before him, and he said to his son: "*It is a good face. It is the face of a noble, brave man. The war is now closed, and we will soon live in peace with the brave men who have been fighting against us.*"

It was a beautiful day in Washington. The dogwood was in blossom and the willows were turning green.

In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln went for a drive.

"Mary," he said, "we have had a hard time since we came to Washington, but the war is over, and with God's blessing, we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet. We have saved up some money and during the next four years we will try and save a little more, and when we go back I'll open an office in Chicago or Springfield, and at least do enough to give us a livelihood."

A true Nature's Gentleman!

A FEW nights before this Easter Day, the President dreamed that he was awakened by people weeping all around him; and he arose and passed into another room, where he saw on a catafalque a casket draped in mourning. They told him

the President had been assassinated, and was lying there.

And, alas! this dream came true.

The morning after this "Easter Day" the sun rose upon a mourning nation. This Nature's Gentleman, this "Shepherd of the People," had passed out, and "he was not, for God took him."

Stanton said, as, with streaming eyes, he closed the eyelids of his Chief:

"Now he belongs to the ages."

And "Tad," the young lad who loved his father so dearly, said, between his sobs, "Do you think my father is happy?"

"Yes, very happy," was the reply.

"Then I am glad my father has gone to Heaven, for he never was happy in this house. This was not a good place for him."

The cry of Walt Whitman,

"Oh, Captain! My Captain!

Our fearful trip is done,

The ship has weathered every rack.

The prize we sought is won.

The port is near, the bells I hear,

The people all exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel,

The vessel grim and daring.

But Oh, heart, heart, heart!

Oh, the bleeding drops of red

Where on the deck my Captain lies

Fallen cold and dead.

Oh, Captain! My Captain!

Rise up and hear the bells;

Rise up! For *you* the flag is flung

For *you* the bugle trills.

For *you*, bouquets and ribboned wreaths
For *you*, the shores a-crowding
For *you*, they call, the swaying mass
Their eager faces turning.

Here Captain! Dear father—
This arm beneath your head.
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen—cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer,
His lips are pale and still.
My father does not feel my arm.
He has no pulse nor will.

The Ship is anchored safe and sound
The voyage closed and done
From fearful trip, the Victor Ship
Comes in with object won.

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

This was the cry of a grateful, but sad and mourn-
ful nation.



Edward Eggleston relates how Mr. Lincoln when he went to New York in 1860, and made his celebrated Cooper Union Address, remained over Sunday and visited the Five Points Sunday School. He was urged to speak to the children, and finally did so.

In telling this to a friend upon his return home, he said: "I tell you, Jim, I didn't know what to say, but I had heard they were homeless and friendless and I thought of the time when I had been pinched by terrible poverty.

And so I told them that I had been poor; that I remembered when my toes stuck out through my broken shoes in winter. When my arms were out at the elbows; when I shivered with the cold.

And I told them there was only one rule: that was, *always to do the very best you can*. I told them that I had always tried to do the very best I could, and that if they would follow that rule, they would get along somehow.

That was about all I said. And when I got through, Mr. Pease, the superintendent, said it was just what they needed, and all the teachers came and shook hands with me and thanked me."

Here Mr. Lincoln put his hand in his pocket, and drew forth a little book, saying, that he never heard anything that touched him as the songs those children sang.

Then he began reading one of them with all the earnestness of his great earnest soul. Jim soon felt his throat harden and the great tears began falling fast.

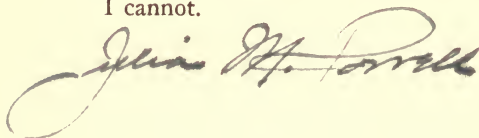
Turning to Mr. Lincoln he saw that his eyes were so bedimmed that he could not see the page, and was repeating the song from memory.

THUS did the man who was about to step into the highest place in the nation meet on their own ground, in the simplicity of his manliness, those who were now situated as he once had been—for he knew that the Lord was the Maker of them all—and that there was no pride among souls—for “souls are all made of the same stuff.”

CAN I add one word that would impress more deeply the wonderful lessons, lessons in honesty, in kindness, in simplicity, in true nobility, and in patriotism—that patriotism that wins for country and the glory of God—can I add one word to these lessons gleaned from the life of Abraham Lincoln, the

SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY?

I cannot.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Julia M. Powell". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the text "I cannot."

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